Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 1982 $1.50

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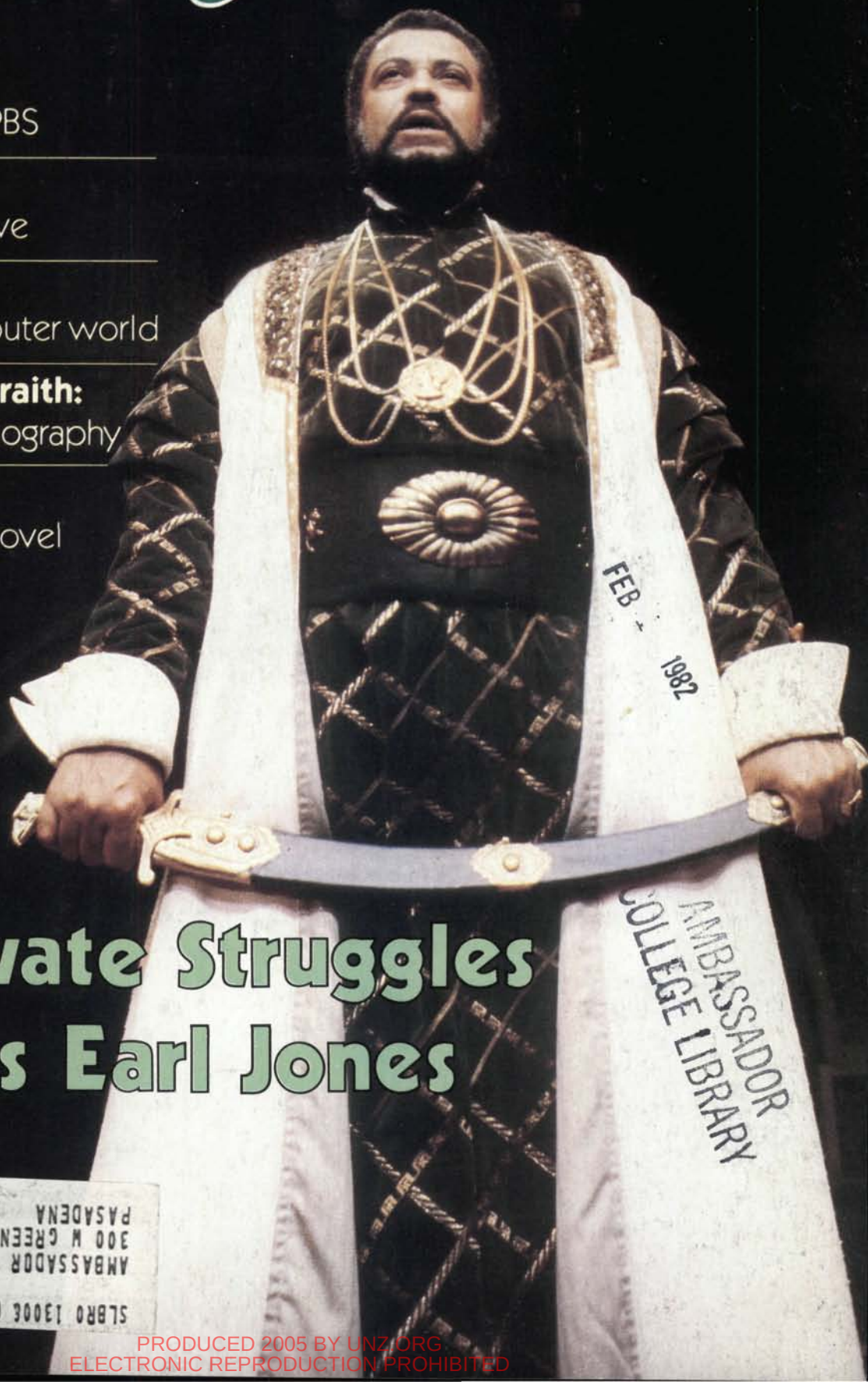

The Private Struggles of James Earl Jones

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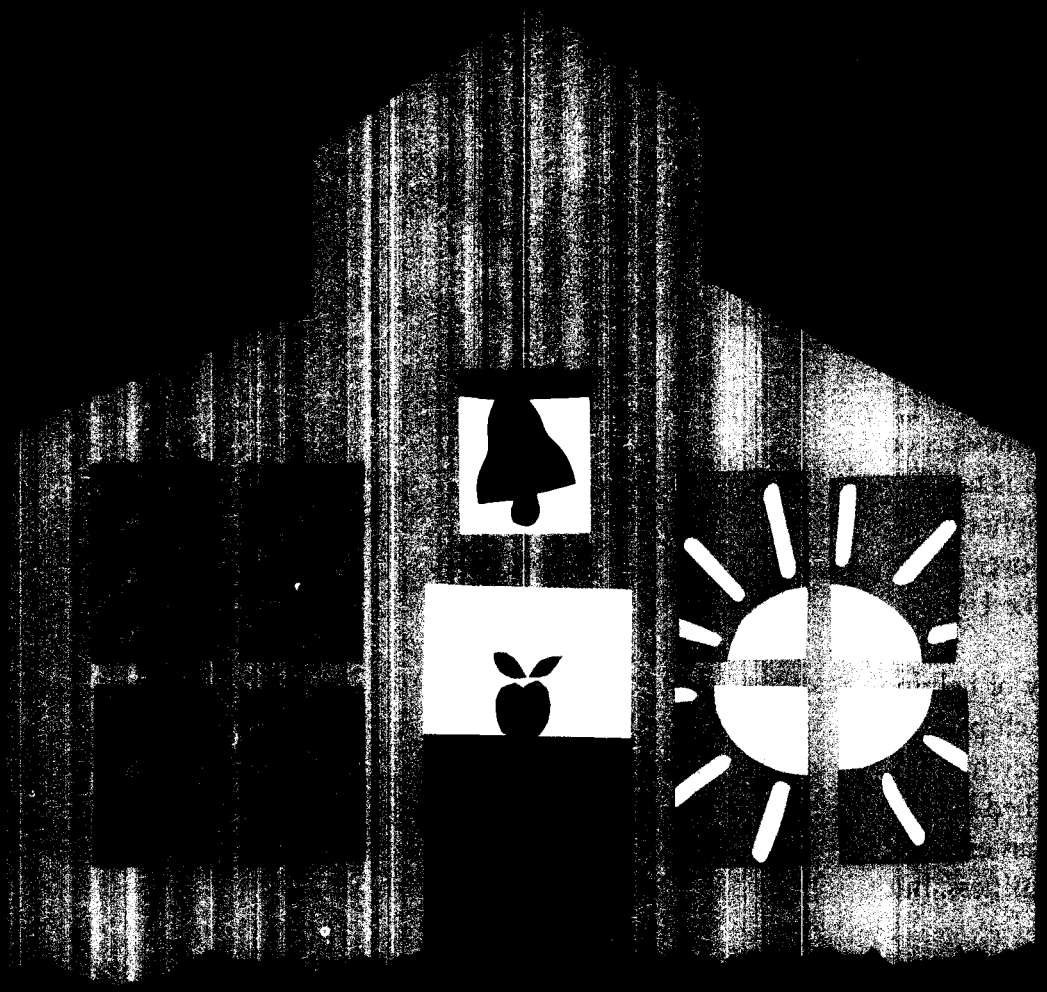
James Clavell's
The Children's Story...
but not just for children



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without commercial interruption
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Saturday Review®
FEBRUARY 1982

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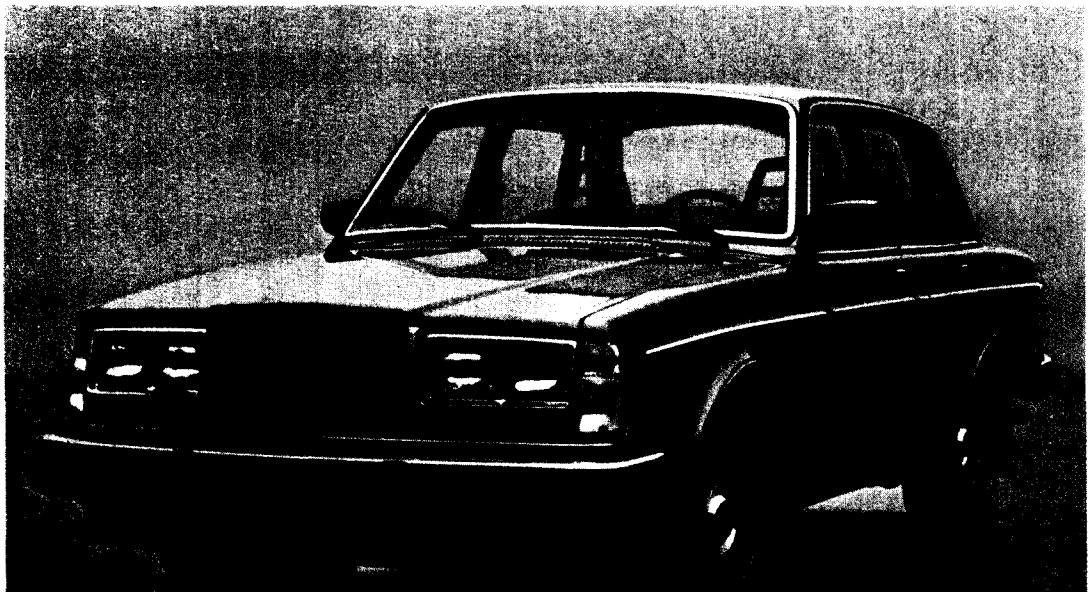

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Ozawa and the Boston Symphony

Reading Irving Kolodin's article "Seiji Ozawa: Why He Will Leave the Boston Symphony" [November] was very disturbing, indeed infuriating. That the article carried the title it did was highly injudicious. It suggested that the event Kolodin forsees had, or will certainly take place. The article then proved merely a rationale for a hypothetical occurrence.

Furthermore, Kolodin apparently wishes the reader to believe that Ozawa's obligation to spend 22 weeks per year with the BSO is a puny one. He would not like the reader to believe, for example, that Georg Solti spends only nine to 10 weeks with the Chicago Symphony.

Jamie Dicks
New York, New York

I want to thank Irving Kolodin for his excellent article as to the reasons for Seiji Ozawa's leaving the Boston Symphony. I could not agree more. During Ozawa's tenure at San Francisco, several season ticket holders canceled their tickets, saying they would not pay their money to watch him learn his scores. No one doubts Ozawa's cerebral qualities, but his performances never touched hearts or brought tears to one's eyes.

Bradford Morse
San Francisco, California

"Seiji Ozawa: Why He Will Leave the Boston Symphony" is most unfair. It's one man's opinion, Kolodin's no less, using the positive "will" as though Seiji has already handed in his resignation! An article like this in a prestigious magazine *could* (I use the conditional) force a resignation.

George Szell held himself remote from his men and from Cleveland "society," yet produced one of the greatest orchestras of all time. His men and the population respected his remoteness—and honored it.

Betty John
Green Valley, Arizona

Irving Kolodin's writing has expressed a love and ardent balance for the real wellsprings of music, qualities not often found in his fraternity. The Ozawa article reaffirms the acuity of his perceptions, which have given him the stance to ignore the propaganda blitz.

John Buttrick
Associate Professor of Music, MIT
Somerville, Massachusetts

Irving Kolodin replies: What Boston deserves from its orchestra's music director and what Chicago will accept from its top executive are not necessarily the same. After all, the Boston Symphony's summer activities include the world-famous Berkshire (Massachusetts) Music Center, with educational purposes that have had global consequences, while the Chicago Symphony plays a conventional series of off-season concerts in its Ravinia Festival.

As for "fair or unfair" implications about Ozawa's future, while the article was on press the *New York Times* recounted an occurrence in Tokyo during the Boston Symphony's world tour last October. Ozawa met there with his early mentor, the Berlin Philharmonic's director Herbert von Karajan. Said the *Times*, "Mr. Ozawa is considered a candidate to take over the Berlin Philharmonic from Mr. von Karajan when the latter" [approaching 74] "retires." The story continued, "'It's at least a possibility,' said an aide to Mr. Ozawa."

Not Guano

Someone should be off to the woodshed for the statement in your December Spotlight that the role of Colonel Bat Guano in *Dr. Strangelove* was played by George C. Scott. I'm sure that will come as a surprise not only to Scott, who was marvelous as General Turgidson, but also to the wonderful character actor Keenan Wynn who played the Colonel to such exquisite perfection.

C.C. Spiegelhalter Jr.
St. Louis, Missouri

McEwen as Impresario

Met broadcast masochists—the people who leave their speakers on during intermissions—could have warned Kurt Herbert Adler that opera is not really Terry McEwen's forte ["A Hunch That May Backfire," The Insider, December]. They, after all, have heard the man identify the voice of Giuseppe de Luca as belonging to Enrico Caruso—in a *canzone* that the great tenor had never gotten around to recording. McEwen's special talent, as even the most casual Opera Quiz listener would know, is jawing.

A.C. Hall
Dallas, Texas

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★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

Michael Caine vs. Dustin Hoffman

When the film version of the Broadway thriller *Deathtrap* opens next month, Michael Caine will play the lead. But if Warner Bros. had gotten its way, Caine would not have the role. According to director Sidney Lumet (*Prince of the City*), the studio "resisted" starring Caine, preferring "someone younger and fresher." The studio's prime candidate? Dustin Hoffman, who sought the part of down-on-his-luck playwright Sidney Bruhl as a follow-up to *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

"The part demands a guy just this side of 50, and someone who might have had seven flops in a row," says Lumet. "We didn't think Hoffman was right for it. He's almost too young for the part."

Warner Bros. also wanted Christopher Reeve in the co-starring role of Bruhl's protégé—a preference Lumet endorsed. As star of the studio's top-grossing *Superman* series, Reeve wields considerable clout. "As soon as Chris was cast, we were able to use Michael Caine, who was our first choice all along," says Lumet. "We were sure the chemistry between them would be ideal." Lumet's second choice, surprisingly, was director Mike Nichols, who once performed with Elaine May in a popular comedy act. Second runner-up: Jack Lemmon.

The studio wanted Hoffman (right) for *Deathtrap*; the director fought hard for Caine—and won.

The careers of Caine and Bruhl have some uncanny parallels. Like his character, who hasn't written a popular play in 18 years, Caine has lost the wide audience appeal he enjoyed as Alfie and other English bad boys of the late 1960s. His recent movies—among them, *The Swarm* and *The Hand*, both released by Warner Bros.—have sputtered at the box office. It was those cool receptions that alarmed the studio when Lumet wanted to cast Caine. The situation might well amuse Sidney Bruhl. As he observes in *Deathtrap*, "Nothing recedes like success." —S.H.

Voice of the People

When the curtain rises on New York City Opera's spring season later this month, the star of the show won't be on stage at all—general manager Beverly Sills. Last November, Sills shocked the cultural community by slashing subscription rates for the City Opera's spring season by 20 percent. The top subscription ticket has dropped from $25 to $20, the least expensive from $5 to $4. Across the plaza at Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Opera charges as much as $60 a ticket.

Sills: Switching battles from high C's to high ticket costs.

Sills's mass appeal has won a favorable initial reaction. In the first week following her announcement, City Opera received 2,000 new subscriptions. A month later, renewals from subscribers had climbed from 60 percent to nearly 70 percent. And the percentage of subscribers among City Opera's total audience was on the rise too—after a 10-year decline.

Others are beginning to follow Sills's cue. In December, Sarah Caldwell, artistic director of the Opera Company of Boston, declared a 20 percent across-the-board cut for subscriptions to the 1982 season. (Top price: $27.) And Edward Murphy, president of the prestigious music publisher G. Schirmer Inc., announced that the company was reducing by 20 percent the rental fees it charges City Opera for scores.

Sills has furthered her reputation as a voice of the people since assuming her managerial role in July 1979. She next plans to tackle another persistent problem at Lincoln Center: the high price of parking. —S.K.R.

HENRY GROSSMAN

Shirley Conran: Simon & Schuster plans a hard sell for her first novel.

The Making of a Best Seller—Maybe

If you haven't heard of *Lace* yet, you will. Simon & Schuster is about to embark on a massive promotion blitz to turn *Lace* into a blockbuster best seller, like *Jaws* or *Princess Daisy*. "An opportunity like this comes along only once every five or six years," according to Michael Korda, S & S's editor-in-chief. To be published late this spring, *Lace* is a first novel by Shirley Conran, the British author of *Superwoman* (a how-to guide for today's woman). In *Lace*, Conran has spun a multigenerational tale of five women and their searches for identity. The heroines include an actress, a decorator, an English aristocrat, the editor-in-chief of a high-powered women's magazine not unlike *Cosmopolitan*, and a famous writer. There is plenty of sex.

S&S is planning a six-figure promotion budget and an unusually large first printing of 150,000 copies—more than it gives the books of its superseller Harold Robbins. (First novels usually have initial printings of only 6,000 copies.) The massive publicity campaign will kick off with extensive advertising in *Publishers Weekly*, an industry trade journal. That's to get booksellers talking. Then there will be an "immense" printing of prepublication copies for key media people. There has already been one payoff: English publication rights have been sold for more than $225,000—a record for fiction.

Korda, who edited Jacqueline Susann, insists that books like *Lace* cannot be written or edited to a formula. The key to success, he says, is reader identification: "The book creates a glamorous dream world, but the reader discovers that the characters have led lives more difficult than their own, are unhappier." That kind of recognition, Korda believes, is more crucial to insuring a best seller than "sticking in rape scenes."

Meanwhile, at winter S&S marketing meetings, thoughts are turning to further hype. Among the promotion gimmicks that may emerge are *Lace* underwear, *Lace* perfume, and *Lace* cookies. —R.R.H.

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LACE

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***Lace* won't arrive until June—but this ad arrived last November.**

An Uncensored Story

Book censorship is soaring in the U.S. In recent months, fundamentalist religious groups have pressured public and school libraries to ban such popular books as *Gone With the Wind*, *Native Son*, *Lord of the Flies*, and *Ordinary People*. Since November 1980, says the American Library Association, the number of such censorship cases has increased 500 percent. Alarmed civil libertarians are forming groups such as People for the American Way to counter the influence of groups like Moral Majority.

It won't be easy. Would-be censors are charging ahead: One Indiana high school recently banned *Making It With Mademoiselle* in disgust over its provocative title. When someone actually opened the book, it turned out to be a guide to dressmaking, published by *Mademoiselle* magazine. —R.R.H.

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Walter Matthau in "The Odd Couple."
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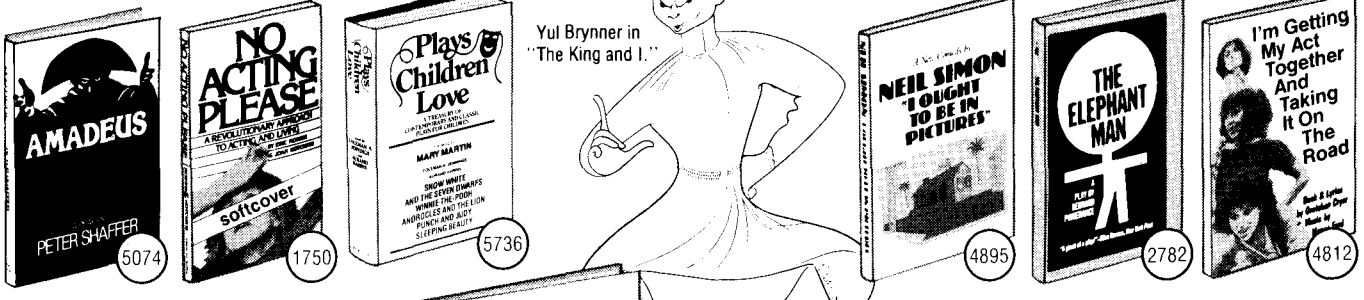

Yul Brynner in "The King and I."
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Len Cariou in "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street."
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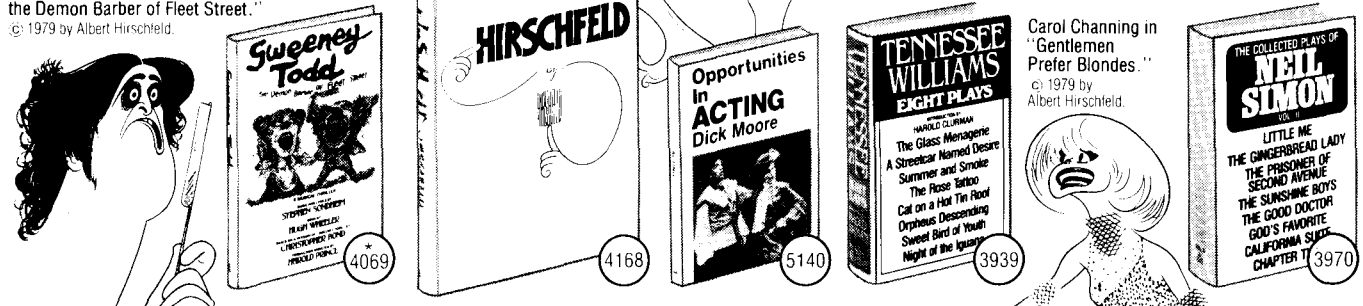

Carol Channing in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
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FEBRUARY SPOTLIGHTS

MUSIC

Barenboim and Beethoven

As a pianist, Daniel Barenboim is known not only for his interpretive skills, but also for the extraordinary scope of his repertoire. He plays all 32 of the Beethoven piano sonatas, all the Mozart piano sonatas, all the Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms piano concertos, and *all* the major classical and Romantic piano chamber works. "I find it essential to have as wide a knowledge of a composer's output as humanly possible," he says.

As a conductor, Barenboim strives to be similarly comprehensive, and this month he will demonstrate this dedication in New York City's Carnegie Hall. He will conduct his Orchestre de Paris in all nine **Beethoven symphonies**— plus the violin concerto (with Itzhak Perlman as soloist). It's a rare opportunity to hear one man's interpretation of so much Beethoven in such a short period of time (the concerts span less than two weeks), as well as to hear so many Barenboim performances (his stateside visits are generally short and infrequent). Appropriately, the maestro's Orchestre de Paris is a direct descendant of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, which introduced the music of Beethoven to Parisian audiences in the 1800s. (February 8, 15, 17, 18, 19.)

▲ **Maestro Barenboim will give New Yorkers a complete Beethoven cycle.**

CHESTER HIGGINS, JR., THE NEW YORK TIMES

FILM

The New Coppola Film—At Last

For his first movie after his Vietnam War epic, *Apocalypse Now*, Francis Coppola has directed and co-written (with B. Armyan Bernstein) "a simple love story," **One From the Heart**. A romantic musical with music by Tom Waits and dance numbers overseen by Gene Kelly, the film is about six characters in search of love in glittering Las Vegas. It was filmed on Coppola's Zoetrope Studio sound stages in Hollywood, where he duplicated Las Vegas streets complete with neon-flashing casino fronts, an auto-repair shop, a junkyard, and a motel.

As reported in *SR* last July, Coppola is realizing a long-awaited dream with this production. He is re-creating an old-fashioned movie studio: a group of actors, writers, and technicians under contract in a film-making complex governed by a dominant personality—Coppola himself. The five actors of the Zoetrope repertory company all play in *One From the Heart*. They are Teri Garr, Frederic Forrest, Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, and Lainie Kazan. The film's *sixth major character* is played by Harry Dean Stanton.

The survival of Zoetrope probably depends on the success of this latest Coppola effort, since financial backing for the director's dream house has been shaky from the beginning. The project was scheduled for release months ago, but early sneak previews of *One From the Heart* were unenthusiastically received, and Coppola withdrew the film to recut it, desperately hoping to make it a hit. (Premieres February 10.)

◄ **Nastassia Kinski, a Zoetrope actress, in *One From the Heart*.**

HIRSHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

▼ **Grooms's "Hollywood" (1965): satiric, evocative, and affectionate.**

ART

A Grooms Retrospective

Artist **Red Grooms** has created paintings, watercolors, films, and "happenings" (as they were called back in the 1950s—nowadays such events are called "performance art"). But the 44-year-old Grooms is best known for his large-scale sculptures that evoke sprawling environments (often inspired by New York or Hollywood) with a caricatured affection that is at once imaginative, funny, evocative, and incisive. Grooms calls his works "a chicken-coop creakiness of a backyard extravaganza."

Six of his rollicking scenes are scheduled to go on exhibit this month at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washington, D.C. They include "Loft on 26th Street" (1965-66), a reconstruction of Grooms's studio, and "Maquette for *Way Down East*" (1978), which depicts director D.W. Griffith, actress Lillian Gish, and cameraman Billy Bitzer making their classic silent movie. Because Grooms began working during the 1950s, and because his art twits traditional sculpture, he was once considered a pop artist. Now it's understood Grooms is one-of-a-kind. (February 25 to May 2.)

What Tut Didn't Show Us

The traveling King Tut exhibit three years ago gave museum-goers a chance to see how the pharoahs lived (or more precisely, how it was assumed they'd go on living after death). But while Tutankhamen and Ramses II and III were ruling, dying, and being entombed, what was the average Egyptian up to? The Boston Museum of Fine Arts will attempt to answer that question with its upcoming **Egypt's Golden Age: The Art of Living in the New Kingdom, 1558-1085 B.C.** This celebration of ancient everyday life boasts 400 objects gathered from 35 American and European museums and private collections, and from the Boston Museum's own holdings.

The early Egyptians took much less care to preserve everyday objects than to preserve the contents of the royal tombs. So the linen garments or wooden statuettes belonging to the humbler classes that have survived over 3,000 years make this exhibit in some ways even more precious than its kingly counterpart. Furniture, tools, alabaster tableware, jewelry, amulets, and musical instruments will all be on display. Like "King Tut," "Everyday Egypt" will travel, but not as royally. It moves to Houston in July, Baltimore in October. (Boston: February 3 through May 2.)

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

◄ **An Egyptian effigy vessel that probably held a cosmetic cream.**

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DANCE

Robbins Choreographs Gershwin

Jerome Robbins may well be America's best native-born choreographer, and he is about to unveil a collaboration with one of America's most popular native-born composers, George Gershwin. The coupling seems ideal: Each was born in New York City to Russian immigrant parents (Robbins as Jerome Rabinowitz; Gershwin as Jacob Gershvin), and each was raised in an East Coast Jewish environment. As artists, each found a distinctive voice that was brash, energetic, and irresistibly appealing.

The music Robbins has chosen to choreograph for the New York City Ballet is the **Concerto in F**, which Gershwin wrote for piano and orchestra soon after the *Rhapsody in Blue*. It is more ambitious, more carefully crafted than the *Rhapsody*, but it is equally jazzy, driving, and tuneful. As always, Robbins has been compulsively secretive about his new ballet (at press time, he hadn't even announced an official title for it), but gossip around Lincoln Center, where the ballet will premiere, says the concerto is designed for four soloists and full ensemble. The ballet is also reported to be plotless but to be vaguely evocative of 1920s art-deco elegance. As with any new work from an acknowledged master, it is eagerly awaited. (Premieres February 4.)

▲ **Jerome Robbins, arguably the finest American-born choreographer.**

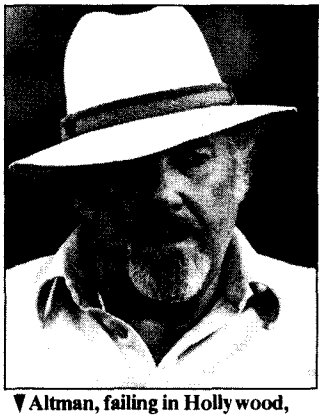
MARTHA SWOPE

OPERA

A World Premiere for Charlotte

Robert Ward belongs to a dwindling handful of American composers still professing faith in opera. The Cleveland-born Ward has been composing operas steadily since the 1950s, generally in a recognizably modern but not discordant vein. His works include *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped, Claudia Legare, The Crucible,* and *The Lady From Colorado* (the latter two received Pulitzer Prizes in 1961 and 1964 respectively). Ward's latest opera, written on commission from the Charlotte Opera, will receive its world premiere this month in North Carolina. Its title: **Abelard and Heloise**. The libretto is based on a true 12th-century story about a proper young cleric, Abelard, who tutored and fell in love with the brilliant Heloise. Since Abelard was in the clergy, their love brought the persecution of the Church upon them and they were forced to separate. Heloise went into a convent, and Abelard was pursued and tormented by his enemies, who accused him of heresy and eventually castrated him. The lovers were reunited only in death.

Emmy Award-winning television writer Jan Hartman is the librettist, and the world premiere will feature tenor Jerold Norman (from the Metropolitan Opera) and soprano Nancy Shade (who has sung at Spoleto and with the New York City and Santa Fe operas) in the title roles. The Charlotte Opera stages only three productions per year: Making one a world premiere rather than relying on old chestnuts is a daring undertaking. (February 19 through 21.)



▼ **Altman, failing in Hollywood, is seeking redemption on Broadway.**

THEATER

Altman's Last Stand?

Film director Robert Altman burst on the scene with *M*A*S*H*, then went on to build a soaring reputation with *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Nashville*. But he has produced a series of tedious clinkers in recent years (his 1979 film, *Health*, is reportedly so rank it has never been released), and his Hollywood "bankability" seems finished.

Last fall, to salvage his reputation, Altman directed a pair of one-act plays off-off-Broadway in New York City and earned respectable reviews. So now he's about to make his Broadway debut with a play by Ed Graczyk, **Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean**, about the effect on residents in a small Texas town when James Dean and Elizabeth Taylor arrive to film *Giant*. The play was not well received in an earlier off-Broadway production, but Altman is embracing the challenge.

Altman has cast an unusual mix of personalities in the leading roles: Sandy Dennis (winner of Tony awards for *A Thousand Clowns* and *Any Wednesday*, and an Academy Award for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*), Cher (making her dramatic stage debut here as a "trashy, loud-mouthed cocktail waitress," according to Altman), and Karen Black (who has primarily acted in films—*The Great Gatsby*, *Airport*, *Nashville*—but who played the lead in the 1965 Broadway chiller *Playroom*). If Altman makes the play work, he will have redeemed himself. If not.... (Premieres February 18.)

TELEVISION

A Debut for Demme

Jonathan Demme is taking his first bow as a television director this month with **Who Am I This Time?** on PBS's new series, American Playhouse. A one-hour adaptation of a Kurt Vonnegut short story, the teleplay is about a shy clerk named Harry, who works in a hardware store and who is the star of the town's amateur theater. When Harry steps on stage, he shines; but back at the store he returns to timidity. A young woman, cast opposite Harry in the play, falls in love with his stage personality. The comic plot concerns her attempt to overcome his offstage bashfulness.

Director Demme is best known for his Academy Award-winning film, *Melvin and Howard* (1980), and for *Citizens Band* (also released as *Handle With Care*—a critical success but a box-office bust under each title). Demme learned his craft churning out cheap horror flicks, but in doing so he developed an ability to portray small-town-loser characters with warmth and humanity, a knack that should prove a boon to re-creating Vonnegut's small-town story.

◄ **Walken (left) and Sarandon in Demme's *Who Am I This Time?***

Christopher Walken, who plays Harry, received an Academy Award for his performance of a shell-shocked Vietnam vet in *The Deer Hunter*, and he most recently appeared in *Pennies From Heaven*. Susan Sarandon, who plays Harry's leading lady, has starred in the films *Pretty Baby*, *King of the Gypsies*, and *Atlantic City*. (February 2.)

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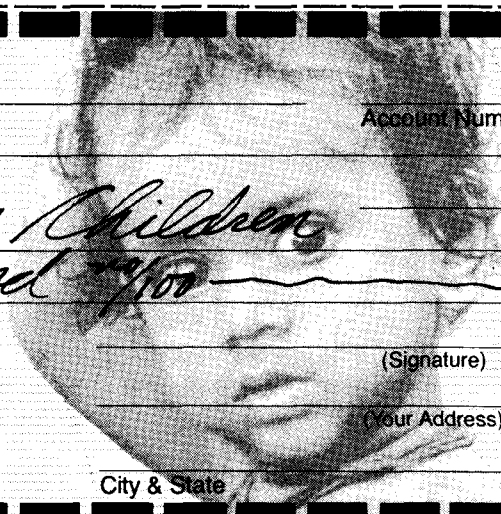

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Back to Hippocrates

People speak about holistic medicine today as though it were a new concept. Essentially, it is 2,000 years old. Hippocrates said it first when he spoke of the healing resources of the individual human being. Hippocrates viewed the treatment of disease as a dual process. One part was represented by systematic medicine; the other part was the full activation of the patient's own healing system. Since those early beginnings, however, there has been a consistent gravitational shift away from the patient as the center of the healing process. Increasingly, the physician came to the fore as the dominant force.

Once again, however, after 2,000 years, there is a shift in emphasis. Today the role of the patient in overcoming disease and maintaining good health is coming to the forefront. The perceptions of Hippocrates are given scientific substance by new knowledge about the ability of the human brain to exercise a measure of control over the autonomic nervous system. The end result, inevitably, is increased respect for the concept of the physician-patient partnership. Research about the functioning of the immunological system is bringing us back to the original Hippocratic concept of the patient not as a passive vessel into which the physician pours his therapeutic skills and his medicaments, but as a sovereign human being capable of generating powerful responses to disease.

To be sure, there is nothing new about knowledge concerning the effects of fear, panic, dread, despair, depression, hate, and rage on the total human organism. What is new is the growing knowledge concerning the biochemical effects of the will to live, hope, faith, confidence, cheerfulness, and laughter. The ancient idea that the healing system is connected to a belief system—that attitudes play a vital part in the recovery process—is finding systematic verification in current medical research. At the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, and at dozens of other medical centers throughout the world, people are being treated for illnesses by mind-training that demolishes the notion that the brain is barred from any supervisory function over the autonomic nervous system.

These developments are not juxtaposed against modern medicine and surgery but are an integral part of it. A good place to observe these ideas at work is at St. Joseph Hospital in Houston, Texas, where Dr. John Stehlin, oncologist and surgeon, works with patients whose prospects for recovery had been considered to be slight. Dr. Stehlin doesn't minimize the seriousness of their illness in talking to patients, but he puts most of his emphasis on the patient's will to live and on a confident approach to treatment. The cancer floor at St. Joseph Hospital features what is called "The Living Room." It is a place where people take leave of their apprehensions and where they can generate good spirits. Dr. Stehlin has a blue-ribbon collection of video cassettes of comedies.

Hope, faith, confidence, and the will to live set an auspicious stage for overcoming illness.

Even the nuns are expected by Dr. Stehlin to contribute to the upbeat mood. I heard one of the nuns tell a patient about an episode in a nightclub. As she told it, the headwaiter was astonished to see a man slip off his chair and fall under the table. "Madam," he said, "your husband has just slipped under the table." "Sir," she said, "my husband has just come through the door."

Does laughter have any beneficial effects? The evidence is mounting that it does. Dr. William Fry of Stanford University School of Medicine, who is one of the leading researchers in this field, points to the fact that laughter enhances respiration and stimulates the endocrine system. Drs. Jonathan Levine and Howard Fields of the University of California, San Francisco, have done research showing that laughter stimulates endorphin and encephalin activity, thus accounting for the phenomenon frequently observed that hearty belly laughter sometimes sets the stage for pain-free sleep. Meanwhile, there seems to be little doubt that the physical activity induced by laughter is a form of internal jogging that confers benefits of its own.

Few things are more characteristic of severely ill patients than their emotional needs. Serious disease almost always produces fear and even panic. The reason so many cancer patients have difficulty in sleeping is not just because of their pain but because of their fears. Similarly, the reason so many heart-attack patients never reach the hospital is not just because of the condition itself but because the panic-produced constriction of the blood vessels imposes an additional and intolerable burden on the heart.

It is clear, therefore, that treatment of physical illness without corresponding attention to the emotional needs of the patient can only have a partial effect. Conversely, the physician who gives appropriate attention to the emotional needs of his patients not infrequently finds that he has helped clear the way for the effective use of his ministrations. Here in Los Angeles, working with cancer patients, I have observed that patients who "program" themselves emotionally to make good use of chemotherapy are generally the ones who are best able to tolerate powerful medication.

There is little doubt about the fact that fear is the great accelerator of disease. Conversely, hope, faith, confidence, and the will to live set an auspicious stage for efforts toward recovery. The physician, therefore, must be an expert not just in chasing disease germs but in pursuing the connection between the human belief system and the healing system. —N.C.

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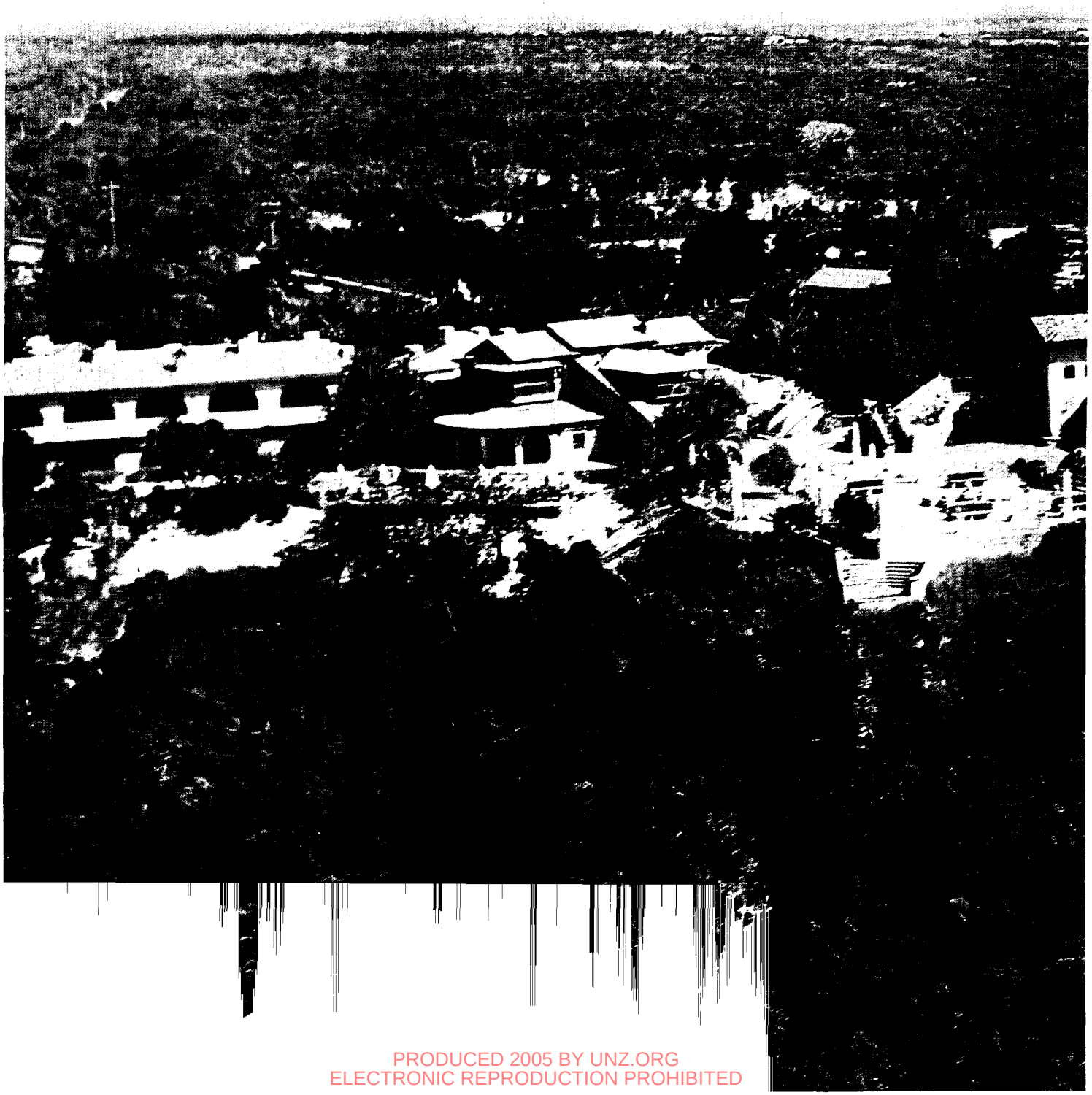

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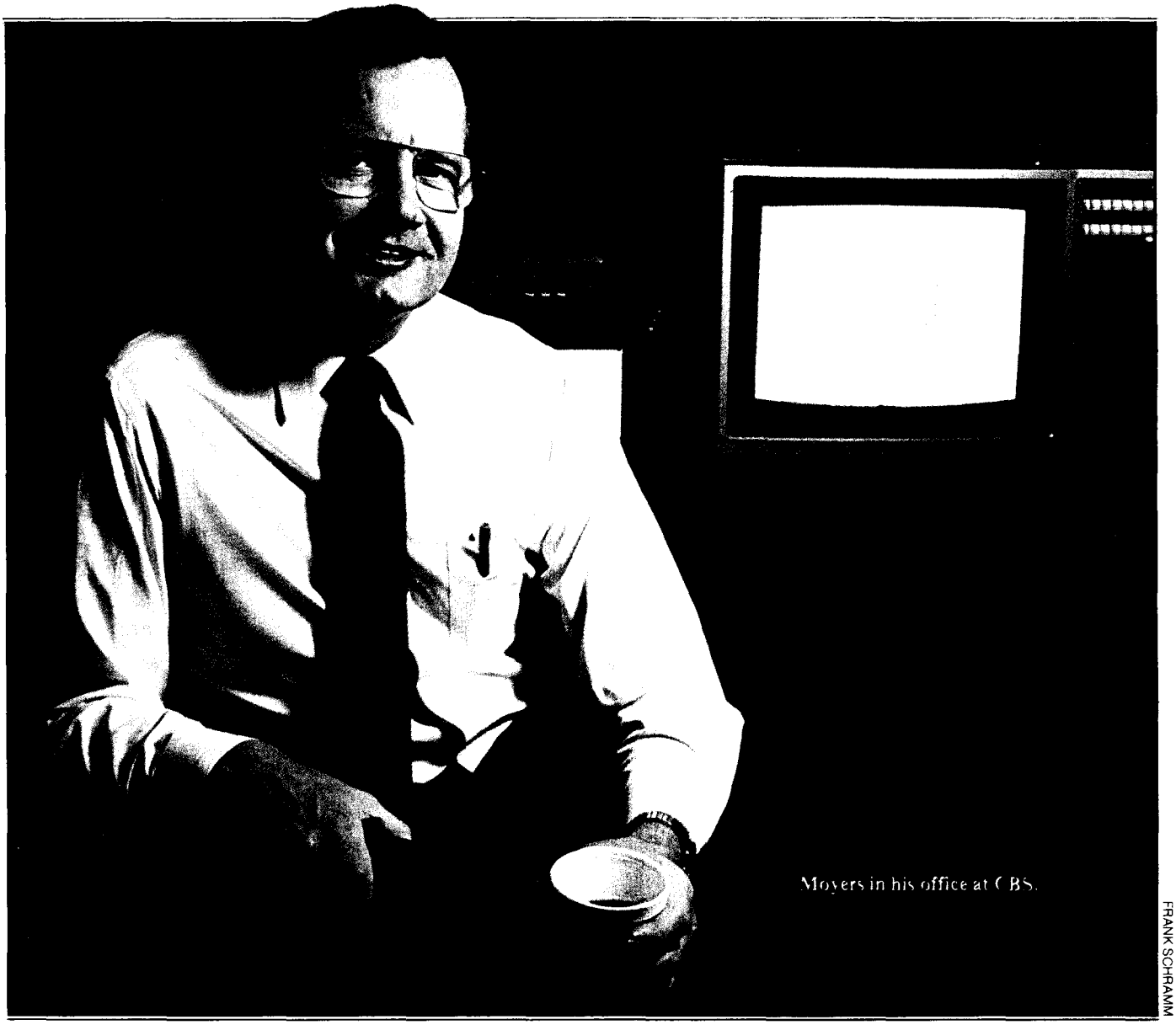
Bill Moyers: The Quest for Quality TV

His current series on creativity will be his last big program on PBS. He has signed up with CBS News—and is eyeing cable.

BY KATHERINE BOUTON



Moyers in his office at CBS.

FRANK SCHRAMM

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Bill Moyers pushes aside some stacks of papers, tilts back in his chair, and puts his feet up on the desk in a cozy CBS office. Despite his hectic schedule, he manages to seem relaxed, focusing his undivided attention on a visitor. He speaks in full, eloquent, grammatical sentences laced with literary allusions, quotations, and poetic turns of his own invention. And he speaks with the Southerner's unselfconscious vividness: "I've been contaminated by this seductive siren of televison," he says. Someone else might have made do with "I'm hooked on my job." When a colleague interrupts to ask a question, Moyers picks up afterwards precisely in mid-sentence. His lengthy entry in *Current Biography* makes you think he must be at least 77 years old. In fact, he is 47. Maybe it's this extraordinary concentration that has allowed him to do so much so soon.

For the past 10 years, what Moyers has done is television, mostly on PBS and relatively infrequently at that. But this winter, he's suddenly everywhere: He has a full-time job on CBS, doing commentaries on the *Evening News* as well as special projects and documentaries. He's hosting a 17-part series for PBS on creativity. Later this year he'll do a six-part interview for public stations with the philosopher Mortimer Adler. And he's just now beginning a major project for cable TV: a 21-hour series called *A Walk Through the Twentieth Century,* for CBS Cable.

Public, commercial, and cable TV—Moyers can speak about the pros and cons of each. ***Bill Moyers' Journal*, which ran for eight years on PBS, epitomized public-affairs broadcasting at its best and, says Moyers, it could only have been done on public TV. *Journal* had underwriters, of course—and, in fact, lost one, Weyerhaeuser, in part over what Weyerhaeuser saw as too much pro-regulatory programming—but once the show had its funding for the season, it was responsible only to itself.** "In those eight years I had the most precious thing a journalist can have," Moyers says, "which is the freedom to follow one's own intuition without having to write a memorandum and explain it to a committee or work it through to a bureaucratic decision."

In special projects, too, like the current PBS series, *Creativity With Bill Moyers*, which began airing last month and will run until April, Moyers was given carte blanche. Chevron, which is funding *Creativity*, gave $3.5 million and complete control to Moyers. "Thanks for the blank check of freedom," Moyers said to Chevron representatives at a press briefing last December. For Moyers, public television was space and time, and the latitude to do things right. "You know that your viewer has a tolerance for ideas, a willingness to be patient, a mind that wants to be stretched. Commercial television paces itself so rapidly that it's hard to absorb. It's racing—it wants to keep the action flowing like the Indianapolis speedway. That's what people pay their money for—zip, zip, zip. My work on public broadcasting wants to almost infiltrate—to insinuate itself into the consciousness of the viewer."

The PBS viewer, Moyers found, responds to such an approach. On a recent *Journal*, Moyers interviewed the English critic and scholar George Steiner—not someone you're likely to encounter on *The Merv Griffin Show.* The *Journal* received a phenomenal 7,000 requests for transcripts. "That doesn't happen when you do commentaries on CBS News," Moyers says. "People may drop you a line and say that was nice, or thank you for making that point, but nobody takes action when they watch the evening news."

Yet for all the advantages he sees at PBS, Moyers decided last November to give up the rambling Victorian mansion of public television for the energy-efficient Bauhaus of CBS News. The two series, on creativity and on Mortimer Adler, will be his last for PBS. One reason Moyers is making the move seems obvious: He has reportedly quadrupled his salary and more than quadrupled his audience. Moreover, despite all his complaints about the "zip, zip, zip" approach on the networks, Moyers likes covering hard news. "At KTBC in Texas," he recalls, "I painted the station car red and chased fires."

But the fundamental reason for the move is that Moyers believes PBS will no longer be able to afford the sort of shows he wants to do. The *Journal*'s budget was cut by 33 percent this past year, even though costs had soared. For an expensive series like *A Walk Through the Twentieth Century*, Moyers says, "I couldn't have gotten the money on public television. The financial situation of public broadcasting is severe and getting worse."

Moyers interviewing TV producer Norman Lear for his *Creativity* series: "The financial situation of public broadcasting is severe and getting worse."

In signing with CBS News, Moyers made a deal to work for CBS Cable as well—which he believes offers him the best chance to do quality programs. He thinks he'll find a sponsor for the *Twentieth Century* program on CBS Cable, and the explanation is demographics. Cable TV attracts impressive viewers: "high income, well educated, important in opinion-making circles," says Moyers. Ann Crittenden, in an article on Moyers in *Channels* magazine, reported that his negotiations with CBS had been protracted ("Moyers's vacillations...lasted precisely until the network had given all it had to give"), and it's possible that one of the sticking points was Moyers's desire to work in cable. "They made an excep-

Katherine Bouton is a freelance writer whose work appears in the *New Yorker* and other magazines.

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tion," he now explains. "They don't usually let their correspondents do this.... Some people here at the network see cable as competitive."

Moyers says he's thought a lot about how cable TV will affect public television but has come to no definitive conclusions. "It may be that there'll be a new arrangement," he ventures. "Things will go to cable first, for a narrow audience, and then to public broadcasting for a larger audience.... I see commercial television, entertainment programming, reaching more and more to the lowest common denominator; cable reaching more and more to the highest; and public broadcasting in the middle, reaching people who cannot afford cable and who cannot tolerate prime time on the networks." This is a gloomy prediction for public broadcasting—public TV as a kind of second-run movie house, a two-dollar neighborhood theater. "Public broadcasting will have to change its image," he adds, suggesting a possible escape route. "It will have to become *the* public-affairs network for the country—a place where ideas are debated, a forum for the political and democratic conversation of America."

UPI

WALLY McNAMEE/NEWSWEEK

Moyers and Vietnam: (left) leaving a White House press conference on the war in 1966, when Moyers was press secretary to Lyndon Johnson; and (below) reporting on a reunion of Vietnam veterans last December for CBS.

Moyers's final big project for PBS, the 17-part *Creativity* series, is being shown on some 250 public stations around the country. The idea came from an executive at Chevron, Bill Jones. It's an unstructured series of shows—Moyers says you really have to see all 17 to understand what they are trying to do—using the reporting and interviewing techniques of the *Journal* to explore a concept. The series, a rather mixed bag of varying quality, might more accurately have been called *Some Creative People and a Couple of Creative Ideas*. As Moyers puts it, it is the embodiment of creativity we are looking at, rather than creativity itself.

Moyers goes with writer and actress Maya Angelou to her hometown of Stamps, Arkansas, to dig around for her creative roots; he chats with film director John Huston, who offers some not very helpful comments like, "You have to wait around until the right idea comes—and then recognize it"; he examines different methods of garbage disposal, including an earthworm farm that converts sewage into fine soil; he visits the High School of Performing Arts in New York, TV producer Norman Lear, some inventors, some schoolchildren, some scientists, some businessmen, violinist Pinchas Zukerman, screenwriter Samson Raphaelson, and a couple of photographers.

An odd bunch, as he readily admits. Where are the novelists, the dancers, the painters—the geniuses? "I wish I could say I had chosen deliberately," Moyers says. "It was just that we got excited about a different kind of people. We didn't want this simply to be an interview series. There's no way to capture Saul Bellow, say, on film—you have to talk to him. The journalistic technique we decided to employ, of making films, in a way ruled out the writer."

But what about the creative process itself—how the poet comes up with just the right metaphor for the moon? "'She was a phantom of delight / When first she gleamed upon my sight,'" Moyers says, musing. Then he answers the question. He'd like to have had a second chance to explore the creative process: "I realize there are ports of call that I haven't made in this first series that I'd like to venture into. That's for another day perhaps—another year."

Bill Moyers became a household name in October 1964, when the resignation of Walter Jenkins left Moyers as President Johnson's top White House aide. Christened Billy Don when he was born in 1934, Moyers dropped the "y" when he went to work for the Marshall (Texas) *News Messenger* while still in high school. "Bill" was more suitable for a sportswriter, he said later. The press was fascinated by the young man who seemed to have Lyndon Johnson's full confidence. Part of the appeal was his background—son of an East Texas dirt farmer, former divinity student, and ordained Baptist teacher. Part was his age—30. Part was his already impressive political credentials—he'd worked for Johnson on and off since 1954, and had been one of the youngest appointees ever confirmed by the Senate when, at 28, he was made deputy director of the Peace Corps. And

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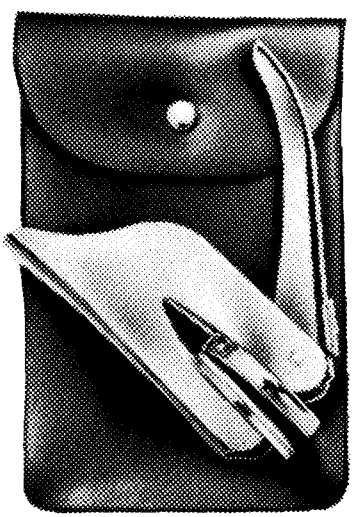

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part was his character—he was bright, and he was calm and efficient. This inner fortitude took its toll. Moyers suffered from a chronic ulcer when he worked for Johnson, and the strain is obvious even in photographs, which show a tense, skinny young man with heavy, black-rimmed glasses.

Nine months after this sudden elevation, Moyers replaced the reticent George Reedy as Johnson's press secretary, and the press was ecstatic. "Candor at the White House," proclaimed *Time,* which shortly afterward ran a rhapsodic cover story on "L.B.J.'s Young Man in Charge of Everything." It was a short-lived marriage. After less than a year and a half on the job, disillusioned with Johnson's neglect of domestic policy and increasing involvement with Vietnam, Moyers left Washington to become the publisher of *Newsday*, a Long Island, New York, newspaper that is the country's largest suburban daily. Not too long after that (in 1970), he took off on a 13,000-mile trip around the country, which resulted in his best-selling book, *Listening to America: A Traveler Rediscovers His Country.* After *that*, Moyers went to television. His *Bill Moyers' Journal* ran from 1972 to 1981 (with two and a half years off when Moyers worked at *CBS Reports*), and for those eight years it won acclaim, devoted viewers, and one award after another.

Moyers on screen asks the questions we ourselves would like to have asked and, unlike most of us, never interrupts the answer. His passing comment seems designed not to draw attention to himself, as is the case with fellow PBS talker Dick Cavett, but to bring out something in the interviewee that a direct question might not evoke. He's not loath to express an opinion, but he knows how and when to do it. He's an intellectual—offering deferential philosophical questions and observations to a George Steiner or a Carlos Fuentes. (He works hard at it, too: "Even Hugh Trevor-Roper thought Bill had read his entire works," a Moyers aide was quoted as saying a couple of years ago.) He's a man of political acuity, able to put David Rockefeller or election night into sensible perspective. And he's a man of compassion and righteous anger: walking through the South Bronx for *CBS Reports*, talking to cops and arsonists and to old ladies who've been burned out of their homes. He's moral but not a preacher, political but not a politician, learned but not a pedant. He's now an Easterner, but he doesn't forget his Texas roots. In the middle of a longer anecdote, Moyers mentioned to a group that when he was a young man working for Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn had offered him some bourbon. "I thought that was some kind of French hors d'oeuvre," Moyers said parenthetically, in a throwaway. That's how he wins his audience.

Moyers knows how to use his charm. David Grubin, who produced several of the *Creativity* segments, said he was looking forward to watching Moyers discuss the show at the press briefing. It's the kind of thing he does best, Grubin said with delight. And it *was* a masterful performance: little jokes (the bourbon story); gracious recognition of all the people who had worked on the series, many of them by name; acknowledgment of the influence of Selma Brötze and Inez Hughes, his high school English teachers, and of Millard Cope, the publisher who hired him for the *News Messenger*. And he came up with a convincing justification for the odd choice of subjects, quoting another of the show's producers, Ron Blumer: "If creativity were the process of genius alone, then why do a series on it? It should enable you and me to understand how we might think more originally."

Moyers also made clear his own approach to the series. "This isn't scholarship. I'm not a Galbraith or a Bronowski or a Clark. I'm a journalist. And this is reporting." All this was served up with some old-fashioned self-promotion, which he somehow got away with: "I make only modest claims for journalism on TV, but this is one time when modesty is not in order," he said. "This series represents reporting at its best."

"Public broadcasting will have to change its image," says Moyers. "It will have to become the public-affairs network for the country."

Where does Moyers go from here? He has a five-year contract with CBS, "with a three-year escape clause in it for both of us," Moyers explains. He's already making waves on the CBS *Evening News*. An early December commentary concerned John McMillian, head of an Alaska consortium that had won a contract under the Carter administration to extend a natural-gas pipeline from Alaska into the lower 48 states on the condition that the consortium pay the expense. Now McMillian wanted Congress to change the law so that the consumers would pay the bills—in advance. After a carefully orchestrated campaign that included hiring Democrats like Walter Mondale and Republicans like former Reagan speechwriter Peter Hannaford, the bill flew through the Senate with only a single dissenting vote. "On this bill the two-party system was not up for grabs, it was up for sale," Moyers told CBS viewers. The young man who answered the telephone at CBS Audience Services the next day, when I called to ask for a transcript, said, "Yeah, wow. We've had more requests for that than for anything since I've worked here." Maybe people *will* start to "take action," as Moyers puts it, when they watch the evening news.

For the future, Moyers says, "There will come a time when I'll quit this life and either teach—at the University of Texas—or go back to a newspaper, which was truly my first love." How about politics? The question clearly engages him, and the answer is a revealingly creative denial. "People keep suggesting it—even colleagues do," he says. "There was a time when I thought of doing that—never here, always in Texas. But my mail suggests to me that people of all persuasions watch me on TV, and that's more valuable to me than a vote in the House or the Senate. That's power. The stewardship of air time is critical. It's not the ability to change the course of things directly, but you can change a person's view of the world. You can affect the quality of his day. As Thoreau said, 'To affect the quality of a day, that is the highest of the arts.' My wife keeps reminding me, when I get depressed or tired, or thinking 'what the hell'—she says, 'Look, Bill, how many people are there who can have an idea and three months later see it articulated, have it come out in a television program?' That, she says, you don't surrender lightly."

He pauses. "Think how many frustrated people there are. That guy over there has got to have ideas—everybody has ideas—but he has no expression, no forum, no listener. You don't throw that away for an office. You don't." Moyers has been standing with his hand on the door ready to show a visitor out. But he seems reluctant to let the subject drop. "Those are good reasons," he adds. "In here they make sense, don't they? But I can't persuade people." He smiles, acknowledging the futility of his argument. ■

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The Struggle to Be James Earl Jones

His story sounds like a soap opera. Abandoned at birth by his father, he stuttered badly until he was a teenager. Yet he has emerged as one of our finest actors. His new "Othello" opens on Broadway this month.

BY MICHELLE GREEN

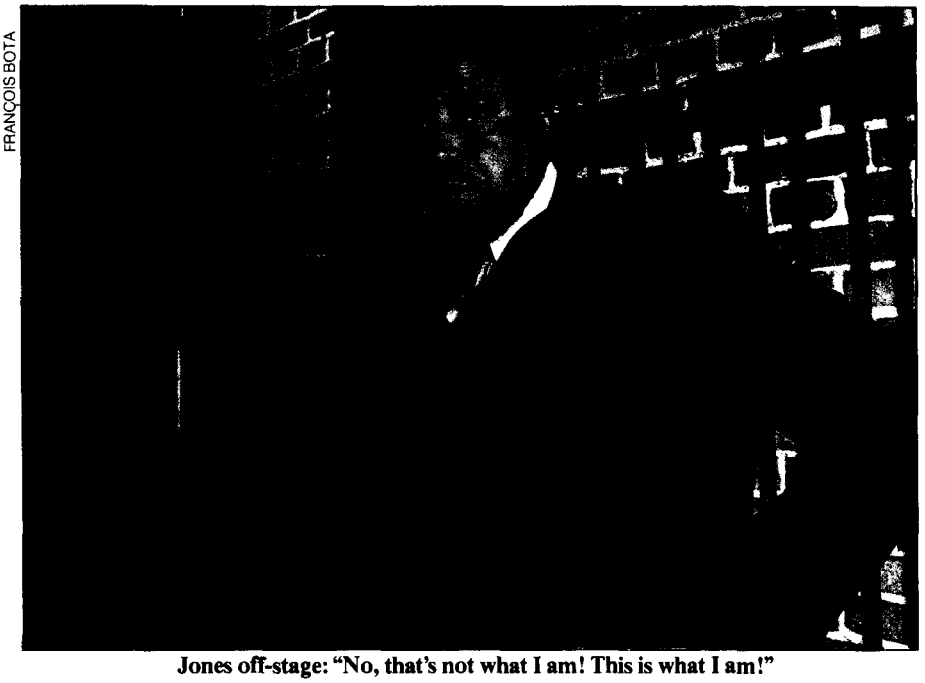
The premature darkness of a chill Boston afternoon has closed over the matinee crowd. Backstage at the Wilbur Theater, James Earl Jones—the American actor whose name has become synonymous with the role of Othello—has just shed the costume of Shakespeare's Moor. The richly colored robes are hung on the back of a door in his cozy dressing room. Jones's "sooty bosom" strains against a black T-shirt that says "Othello" on the front, and "Goats and mmmonkeess!" on the back—an epithet he employs to great effect in the play. His powerful legs, which seem to extend into infinity, are encased in snug black pants and knee-high boots. His bearing is magisterial, his demeanor grave, his voice an arresting basso profundo.

This is Jones's seventh Othello in 19 years, but he has never performed the role on Broadway. The production, co-starring Christopher Plummer as Iago, opens in New York this month after six months on the road. Jones can discourse for hours on Othello and how to play him, but at this particular moment, he is considering the luxury of a vacation following the New York engagement.

"I can't afford to take a vacation unless I do some commercials when I'm in New York," he says, his long legs straddling the back of a battered chair. "Money goes fast, and you can't get along doing only stage work. I've never minded doing commercials. On Tab's commercials, they have the sexiest, prettiest people on the beach. Commercials can be very exciting. I hope that, eventually, I could do one where I present myself the way Orson Welles and Jim Garner do: 'Hello, this is James Earl Jones,'" he says silkily. "'I would like you to buy this camera, because I buy this camera, and I love it!'" A magnificent, rippling chuckle bursts forth.

One of the world's great actors, Jones is unconcerned that he might sully himself by appearing in commercials. Or by playing a doctor in a TV soap opera, *As the World Turns*. Or a detective in his own short-lived CBS series, *Paris*. Or by supplying the voice for Darth Vader in *Star Wars*. Jones has never heeded the conventional wisdom about what roles an actor should take—and he doesn't even have a manager. He prefers instead to surprise people—and himself. "Because I have a varied career, and I've not typecast myself, nobody knows what I'm going to do next. They don't know if I'm going to drop 20 pounds and play an athlete. They don't know whether I'm ready to be a good guy or a bad guy."

Jones conducts his idiosyncratic career in admirable fashion. At 51, he is still trying to develop himself as an actor. He chooses an endless variety of roles and is comfortable on the stage, in movies, or



FRANÇOIS BOTA

Jones off-stage: "No, that's not what I am! This is what I am!"

Michelle Green is a freelance writer living in Boston.

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Jones as Othello on Broadway with Christopher Plummer as Iago.

MARTHA SWOPE

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on TV. Proud of his involvement in "the proletariat art" of acting, Jones likes working in television precisely because it gives him access to the masses. While starring in the *Paris* series three years ago, Jones worked closely with the creators to insure that the program would have a distinctive flavor. It did: *Paris* was a *nonviolent* detective show, which may account for its short run on the network. Like his other commercial projects, however, *Paris* helped finance Jones's forays into noncommercial theater.

At an age when other actors might turn a previous triumph into a touring annuity, Jones has returned to *Othello* determined to mine the role for more than he did in previous outings. Along with director Zoe Caldwell, Jones is exploring the "female" aspects of his own psyche in relation to the part. "Gradually, Othello takes on the female role... he gives up control of the situation. It has to do with who's on top, figuratively. I have to remember that, although I must carry myself pridefully, I'm really being, pardon the expression, 'screwed.'"

Above all, Jones's quest for diversity arises from a continual struggle to define himself, rather than allowing other people to do it for him. He is obsessed with resisting the enticements of fame, with avoiding the occupational hazards that plague a black actor. Jones is difficult to plumb, and if he seems enigmatic, perhaps it is because he is always shifting the boundaries of his career, reassessing the goals he has set for himself. "We all tend to get defined on the basis of our race or our sex or our nationality," he says. "We have to fight very hard to say, 'No, that's not what I am! *This* is what I am!'"

It was in 1968, with *The Great White Hope*, that Jones first found himself fettered by his public image. When Howard Sackler's Pulitzer Prize-winning work opened on Broadway, Jones's moving portrayal of Jack Jefferson (a character based on boxing champion Jack Johnson) stimulated a wave of adulation and critical acclaim. One critic went so far as to call him "a cross between Paul Bunyan and the Colossus of Rhodes." Even before Jones captured the Tony Award for best dramatic actor, he found himself in the midst of a maelstrom: There were heavily perfumed invitations from female admirers. There were religious cultists who invaded his dressing room. There were petitions from directors, producers, autograph collectors, and those assorted lampreys who thrive on the life blood of luminaries.

"Suddenly, I was surrounded by strangers who thought I was the solution, whether they wanted a business deal, a romance, or just friendship," he says. "Even though they were drawn to the idea of power—Jack Johnson's power—I was disturbed to think there was anything about me that attracted them.

"I'd been an actor long before *The Great White Hope*. I'd loved my work, gotten respect for my work, but I'd never gone through the kind of stardom where there's a media explosion in your life. I had to confront problems like, 'Do I want this comet to keep burning? Do I behave aggressively in public? Do I capitalize on this fame, or do I do what's sane and go on to another role?' And I thought, 'If I attract crazy people, then I must examine whether I'm crazy, too.'"

After playing Johnson for a year on Broadway, and after completing the role in the film of *The Great White Hope* (which netted him an Oscar nomination but was a box-office disappointment), Jones suspended his career. Rather than nip at the bait set forth by entrepreneurs, he went to Los Angeles for a year's worth of concentrated therapy at the Primal Institute. There he was obliged to consider some untidy matters, including his tangled relations with his parents and the thorny traumas of his boyhood.

Above: *The Man* (1971). Below: with Earle Hyman, *The Cherry Orchard* (1972).

That Jones reached the stage at all is remarkable; that he became the actor he did is staggering. He was born in Arkabutla, Mississippi, the only child of Robert Earl and Ruth Connolly Jones. His father was a restless man, and he struck out on his own while his wife was pregnant, going first to Memphis, where (in an ironic foreshadowing of his son's stage triumph) he became a prizefighter. He then moved on to become a left-wing poet and actor. Ruth Jones was luckier than many of her peers: She was able to earn a living in a variety of jobs. When Jones was only a year old, he was left with Ruth's parents, who assumed responsibility for his care. Ruth Jones visited her son in the summers. But she was wounded by her own abandonment, and something of her pain and fear was communicated to her child. Jones eventually came to think of her as more his aunt than his mother.

The rural home in which James's grandparents raised him was, as he remembers it, a just, loving, but rigidly undemonstrative one. Emotional energy was channeled into a gloomy brand of Methodism. His grandmother Connolly favored hymns that turned upon vigorous images of converts being "washed in the blood of the Lamb." "She was the most dramatic person in my life," Jones says. "There was a strong evangelistic aspect to her religion, and when she went to church and felt the spirit, she ended up behaving like a holy roller. There wasn't much touching in the family, but there was emotion." His burgeoning sense of theater was piqued further by tales his grandmother spun for his amusement; her fictional landscape was rife with men who had snakes in their bellies and women with the heads of mules.

A curious, open child, James gave little sign of being troubled. From the moment the boy learned to talk, his grandfather Connolly delighted in having conversations with him. He recognized that James had a "clear, bell voice." He said that James "talked better than anybody" in the family of 13.

The dark side of Jones's early life came to the fore when he was nearly five. The family decided to leave the farm near Arkabutla for a place in Michigan. James would go to his paternal grandparents in Memphis, who had agreed to raise him as their ward. He still remembers the trip: His grandfather Connolly and his uncle bundled him into the car and placed him atop an old mattress that the three would use for sleeping. Not many words were spoken on the journey to Memphis; James had overheard talk at home, and he understood enough to know that his fate had been decided.

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Above: with Kevin Conway, *Of Mice and Men* (1974). Below: Cicely Tyson, *The Blacks* (1961).

Top: *The Great White Hope* (1970). Above: with Marlon Brando, *Roots* (1979). Left: with Burt Wallace, *Paul Robeson* (1977).

"When we got to my grandmother's house, there was this beautiful woman. She had a really gorgeous Gibson-girl look about her," says Jones. "She came out of the door of this big house with a rose trellis and a white picket fence and—this was to be my home! But my grandmother was a stranger. I hung onto the mattress, and that was all I needed to do or say. My grandfather drove me back to Mississippi, where I joined the family moving to Michigan." His mother, however, remained in the South.

In Michigan, with the memory of his near-abandonment still pulsing, he began to retreat. Randy, the youngest Connolly son and James's particular friend, was a stutterer. James often mocked him—until he, too, began to choke on his own words. Once the handicap had taken hold, it was so severe that he could talk only in the presence of his family—or farm animals. He went to considerable lengths to avoid encounters with strangers; when he was called in to greet his grandparents' guests, he could manage only, "Hello, my name is James." At the age of eight, he was resigned to being mute.

"One of the reasons for becoming mute is the fear that what you have to say would be so unwelcome that it would endanger you," Jones believes. "In Mississippi, we were told very early about the unnatural care you had to take not to say the wrong thing. You were deferential to whites, or you avoided them. That distrust leads to a fury of its own. 'Why can't I trust them? That is due me, to trust my fellow man!'"

The stutter hadn't abated by the time Jones entered high school. There, however, an English teacher discovered that the boy was perfectly articulate with his family, and he prescribed an arduous program of public speaking. Jones followed it, forcing himself to compete in high school debates and oratorical contests. Slowly, he became such a skilled speaker that he began besting his voluble opponents.

James's first conversation with Robert Earl Jones came as a result of the boy's public triumphs. Although his grandparents tried to convince him that actors like his father were worthless, he harbored a secret fascination for the exotic stranger whose name he bore. When James encountered an issue of *Look* featuring a photograph of his father on Broadway in *Strange Fruit*, he was mesmerized. So were his schoolmates. When young Jones won a public-speaking contest and a college scholarship on the same day in 1949, the high school gave him the money to call his father with the news. James went to the local drugstore to use the telephone—an instrument he had never

CLOCKWISE FROM CENTER: 20TH CENTURY FOX, MARTHA SWOPE, MARTHA SWOPE, WARNER BROS. TELEVISION, BERT ANDREWS, LARRY FRIED, PARAMOUNT PICTURES.
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encountered. Daunted by the contraption and too proud to ask for help, he paced the block for an hour before summoning the courage to attempt the call. Father and son spoke briefly, but it was three more years before they met. With characteristic reserve, James describes the encounter simply: "We embraced and found we were both large men."

When Jones entered the University of Michigan in 1949, he hoped to become a doctor. He did part-time work as a brick mason to supplement his scholarship. But after failing his first anatomy course, he concluded that he had little aptitude for medicine. He turned to drama, instead: "I was in the ROTC, and I knew I'd be going into the Army when I graduated," he says. "I decided I might as well do something I liked in college."

BERT ANDREWS

Jones (left) with his father, Robert Earl Jones, and stepbrother, Matthew Jones.

The Army claimed him in 1953, and Jones, who was intent on becoming a career officer, forgot his dramatic efforts. After a two-year stint (much of which was spent in a rigorous ranger training program in Colorado), he was set to reenlist when his commanding officer suggested he taste civilian life before making a long-term commitment. Knowing he could return to the Army if the theater proved untenable, he moved to New York in 1955 and enrolled at the American Theater Wing. There was no money for an apartment; instead, he lived with the father whom he barely knew. During the day, he studied; at night, he swept the floors of an off-Broadway theater.

Beginning with his first snippet of an off-Broadway role in 1957, he seized any part that had promise. He wanted to avoid being typecast, and the 45-odd dollars a week he earned as a jack-of-all-parts was sorely needed, particularly after he moved into his own cold-water flat on the Lower East Side. In 1962-63 alone, he appeared in 13 plays, including *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* (with his father as co-star), an episode on television's *East Side, West Side*, and Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, in which he played the bombardier.

If there was a constant in his career, it was Shakespeare. He had been bewitched by the bard since he was a child, when an uncle, "a simple peasant," as Jones describes him, picked up a copy of *Julius Caesar* and proceeded to deliver Antony's oration in the middle of a field, with only his nephew as a witness to the halting effort. Jones had devoured Shakespeare in college, and when he read for pleasure, he read *Othello* or *King Lear*. A 1959 encounter with Joseph Papp, producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, brought him a small role in *Henry V*. "Joe saw me on the street and said, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'I'm broke, and I'm unemployed.' And he said, 'Want to come carry a spear?' I said, 'Yes, sir!'" Jones laughs.

In the next few years, he went on to play minor Shakespeare roles (Oberon, Abhorson, MacDuff, and Caliban), bringing to them the slow grace, the physical potency, and the concentration that would mark his mature work. He says he never played any of them well: "But because I was built like an athlete, I fooled a lot of people. I was always trying to learn what the speech was *about*."

As demanding as it was, learning to be an actor was easier than learning to be a son. The two decades of silence weighed heavily on Jones and his father. At first, they had tried to enact a father-son relationship, but it became clear that neither was suited to his role. "My father is a powerful man, both physically and temperamentally," Jones says. "He's very modest, but there are certain powers he has, certain volcanoes that erupt. The question was to what extent I could retain my own identity while I was with him." Jones's resentment toward his father was to linger until the 1971 sabbatical in California. "That was part of my therapy," he says. "You forgive, but you never forget."

The candlelit bistro at the Wilbur Theater hums with the gentle voices of theatergoers who crowd downstairs after the play. James Earl Jones has just given a commanding performance in *Othello*, drawing a standing ovation from a very particular crowd. He reappears carrying a canvas gym bag and wearing a blue oxford cloth shirt, dark trousers, and a corduroy jacket. With his graying hair and gold-rimmed glasses he looks now like a scholar, not a star. At close range, a certain vulnerability emerges: The wide green eyes are watchful, almost childlike, and he frequently shields his mouth with his hands. Only those hands hint of his energy; his body remains still as he speaks.

The subject again is Shakespeare. Having first starred in *Othello* in 1963 at a summer theater in upstate New York, Jones has spent considerable time exploring the intricacies of the play. "There's always something that eludes you, that mystifies you," he says. "It's like romance." Cynicism, he believes, has tainted the reaction to plays that demand belief in great passion. "Audiences want to laugh at Othello," he believes. "They say, 'Why don't you just divorce the girl and let her go about her life?' It's frustrating because as actors, we have to be much more careful not to let cynicism run away with the sentiments we're trying to instill. We're trying to say that there *is* such a thing as great love, and unless people believe that, they won't believe the rest of the play."

His father had always been drawn to the character, and when his son came to live with him, the two did private readings of *Othello*, with the younger Jones assigned the part of Iago. "My father once said, 'Don't ever try to do Othello unless you straighten up your act spiritually. Don't try to do Othello when you're thinking like Iago in real life. Don't allow yourself to become involved in petty, underhanded, manipulative activities, because it will spoil every strand of nobil-

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ity that you must bring to Othello.'"

An order of veal arrives, and Jones attacks it. From the next table comes a shriek of laughter: Plummer and a band of other actors are giving every sign of having put the evening's tragedy behind them. But Jones is still fixed on Othello's character.

"Each night, the director wants me to tap into James Earl Jones's fury, James Earl Jones's sense of outrage. I can fake Othello's pride up to a point, but then I have to start joining him."

To Jones, the role of Othello provokes a host of questions—including whether it is politically wrong for a black actor to portray a character who is vanquished. During the 1960s, Sidney Poitier informed Jones that he avoided Shakespeare's tragic masterpiece because it presented a black man as a "dupe." Jones respects that choice. "But," he explains, "I wanted to take the chance of playing Othello to a brilliant Iago to see whether Shakespeare really wrote him as a hero who is sorely tested—a prideful, Job-like man who goes before a fall. I don't want to do just the winners, because that gives the black audience a false sense of comfort. I don't want to be forced by my black brethren to do the roles that make them feel good. What gives me a feeling of mission is to present a character with weaknesses and say, 'This is where the dangers are.' I want to do roles that show something about the danger, the terror, of failure."

Still a black actor has too few choices, in his estimation. As simplistic and violent as they were, the "blacksploitation" films demonstrated that a black man could be something other than a gentle savage, and for this, Jones applauds them. "I loved the explosion of black imagery. I lament the fact that the films were so bloody narrow, so clichéd, but I don't fault them, because they discovered a black audience that is now coming to see *Othello*."

For his own part, he favors characters such as the doctor whom he played in the 1970 film of John Barth's *The End of the Road*. As Jones once said, "You know he's black, he knows he's black, but whether he makes something of it depends on the situation. The whole issue of color becomes a fourth wall you bounce off of." This idea of the black actor as chameleon—playing black or white roles—is one he finds increasingly attractive.

Although Jones believes "the theater has a responsibility beyond politics," he is not without strong political sympathies. He decries cynicism, extols the virtues of romantic love, and lobbies against violence on television, but he is also a member of the National Rifle Association. When he left the Army in 1955, he took all the arms he could muster. Haunted by a sense that the country would experience urban warfare, he had no desire to be caught unprepared. "When I heard Malcolm X tell black people, 'You better get yourself a shotgun,' I was shocked," says Jones. "I thought, 'They don't have guns already?'" Had he not turned to acting, he contends he would have become a black revolutionary (albeit "a bad one"). "I believe that when the chips are down... gunfire," he says calmly. "Not to provoke it, but to use it defensively."

If Jones is willing to discuss his craft and his past, he is less eager to reveal the particulars of his personal life. Every revelation is an offering. When he uses words like "fury," he makes a gesture toward his mouth, as if to keep the word from emerging. When asked to compare himself with Othello, he steers hard for Othello and stays there.

"When I heard Malcolm X tell black people, 'You better get yourself a shotgun,' I was shocked. I thought, 'They don't have guns already?'"

There is an irrepressible puckishness about Jones as well. When feeling expansive, he answers the telephone with an adolescent greeting on the order of "Joe's Bar!" He has been known to use earthy language, as in "Othello is a good lay." He is addicted to Kools, and he relishes good vodka and caviar. Yet it's easy to believe him when he says his biggest indulgence is an occasional champagne-only breakfast when he isn't working.

In some ways, Jones is still the farm boy he was in 1940. His nonworking life is imbued with a certain pastoral quality. His first major purchase was a farm in Duchess County, New York; it is now furnished with a pair of horses, several great Danes, and a herd of goats. There is a farm in northern Los Angeles County as well. When at home (which is rare), he likes to walk in the woods, fish, and watch television. He has been known to sit through a soap opera ("especially the one with Luke and Laura") with the sound turned off.

Nightclub-hopping and other forms of public recreation are things of the past. Jones is currently engaged to an actress (whose name he declines to reveal); she travels with him now, and there is less need to mingle. His sole marriage was to Julienne Marie, an actress with whom he fell in love when she played Desdemona to his Othello in 1964. Their union, which was dissolved shortly after Jones completed his primal-scream therapy, was childless, and he now speaks longingly of remarrying and having children. Although the shocks of his own childhood are not forgotten, he has established ties with his parents. His mother monitors *Variety* for news of him, and his father attended last summer's premiere of *Othello* in Connecticut. Jones's father, still working as a character actor, appears occasionally on stage and in television movies.

If Jones holds true to his word, *Othello* will be his last role in commercial theater. "Especially when it comes to Broadway, there's a certain folly in trying to stay in the blockbuster category. Only musicals are blockbusters now. Since *White Hope*, there have been very few nonmusicals of that size," he says. "Not just plays I could do, but plays anybody could do. Plays like *A Lesson From Aloes* are the only ones I've been satisfied with, and they are not blockbusters."

Installed now in the sunny breakfast room of his hotel, James Earl Jones presides over a breakfast of two sausages and a glass of grapefruit juice. Wearing his gold-rimmed glasses and a proper suit of navy pinstripes this morning, he again looks different, rather like a bank president. "I don't see that many scripts I clearly want to do," he says. "I read one recently about a man who's dying, who retires to the woods, alone, to contemplate his life. This can't be a terribly popular play, but it still fascinates me."

It comes as no surprise that he is drawn to such a story. He has made his own retreats—first lapsing into stuttering, later withdrawing from the world to determine who would run his life. "The curious thing is that if I had stopped acting altogether after my therapy, not many people would remember me now. Orson Welles stopped shortly after he did *Citizen Kane*, and people didn't say, 'We want Orson! We want Orson!' One of the sad things for an actor is that, no matter how popular you are, if you choose to quit, well, there's always somebody around to take your place."

Perhaps. But Jones's chance for obscurity has come and gone. He has found the words to express himself, and he is not likely to fall silent again. ■

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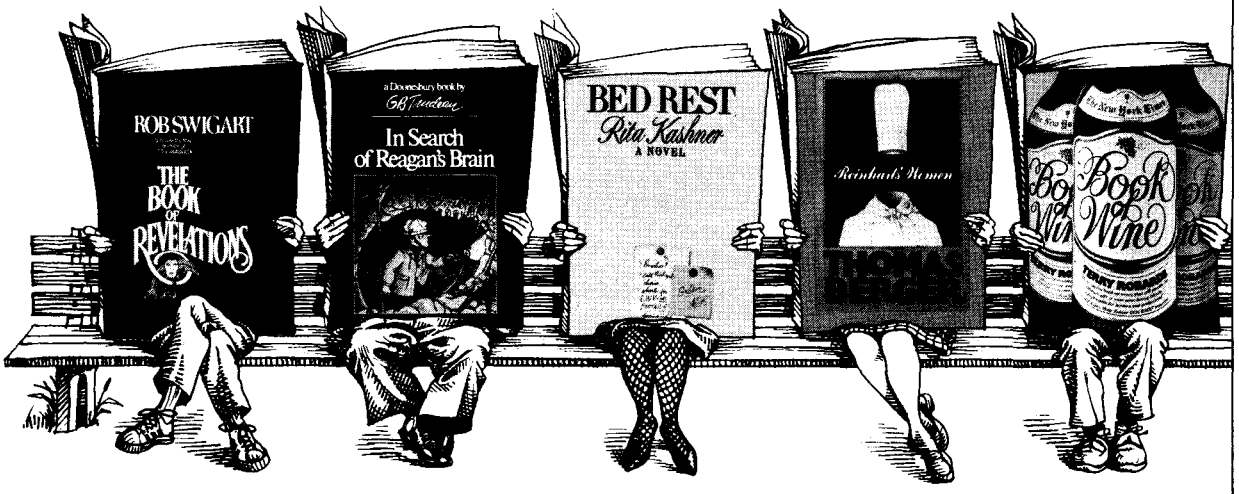

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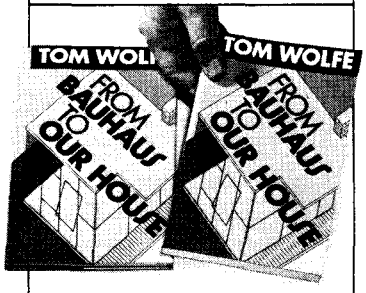

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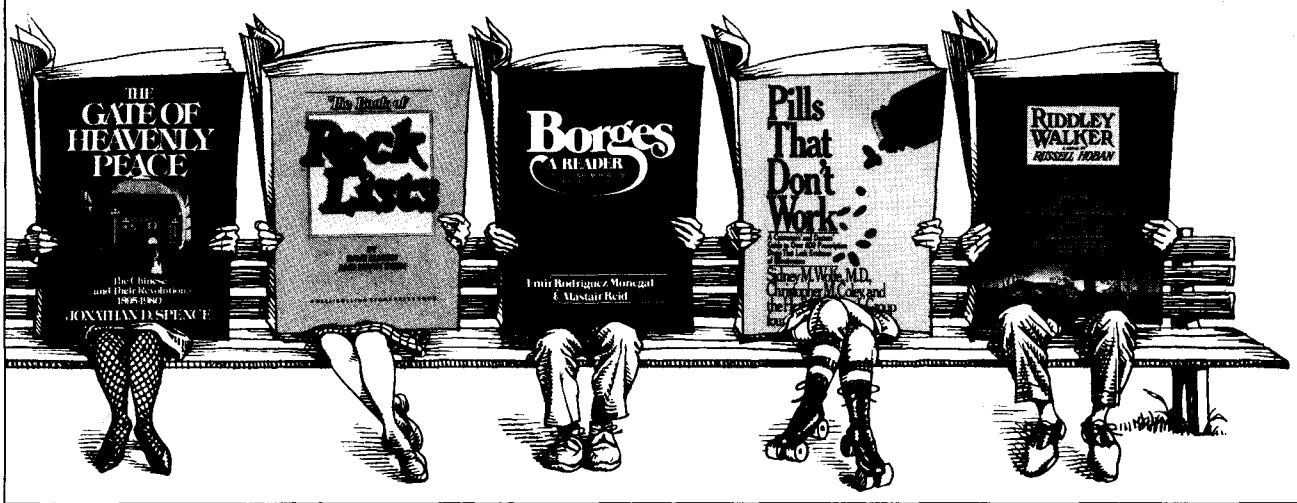

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The Virginia Woolf Cult

On the 100th anniversary of her birth, she has become both a feminist icon and a flourishing industry, complete with T-shirts and calendars. Through it all, much of her writing endures brilliantly.

BY HELEN DUDAR

In 1930, a century after the birth of poet Christina Rossetti, Virginia Woolf sat down to the subject with mocking gloom: "...it is inevitable; centenaries are inexorable, talk of her we must," she wrote. Now, here comes the calendar reminding us that 100 years have passed since the January 25 on which this remarkable woman was given life. It's no good exclaiming, "Talk of her we must." The fact is that for more than a decade, epic doses of talk, ink, theory, speculation, and debate have been spilled upon Woolf's grave.

She has become the Marilyn Monroe of American academia, genius transformed into icon and industry through the special circumstances of her life and work: the front-and-center seat in the Bloomsbury circle; the sieges of madness; the odd, sheltering marriage; the Sapphic attachments (to use her favorite term); the subtle and sinewy feminism; the thousands of pages of letters and diaries that tell us more about Virginia Woolf than we know of any major writer of our time; the moment, alas, in 1941 when, fearing the return of insanity, she loaded her pockets with rocks and walked into the River Ouse.

Homage abounds. There is the Virginia Woolf Society, a small, global union of scholars and committed common readers; there is the "Virginia Woolf Miscellany," a lively newsletter providing a medium for the exchange of data, opinion, and the intelligentsia's equivalent of fan-magazine chat; there are college courses and Ph.D. dissertations galore and, at least once a year, somewhere in America, a university symposium devoting a day, sometimes two, to Woolf and Bloomsbury. A few years ago at New York University—home base of Mitchell Leaska, one of the "fathers" of the Woolf movement—her admirers dedicated three days to a marathon reading of *A Room of One's Own*, the 1929 essay rediscovered by the new feminists in the late 1960s to become a key element of her enshrinement.

In the rare-book world, she's in the big leagues, right up there with such contemporary masters as Conrad and D.H. Lawrence. *Two Stories*, by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, their first handset Hogarth Press item, was published in 1917 in an edition of 135 copies and sold for two shillings. Collectors now pay $5,000. Pristine first editions of her best-known novels, *To the Lighthouse* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, fetch $1,000. Inevitably, the Virginia Woolf T-shirt always outsells the Jane Austen T-shirt and the Emily Dickinson T-shirt.

Her centenary is naturally the occasion for special notice. The big celebration will be a three-day affair in March at the University of West Virginia in Morgantown. Her publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, which surely pays its salaries and rent on its inexhaustible stream of Woolfiana (*A Room*, once sold at the annual rate of 1,500 copies, now finds 30,000 buyers a year), has issued deluxe slip-cased centennial editions of the essay and the two fiction favorites. Those who prefer their Woolf in minute doses—some of the most ardent fans have read only the 1972 Quentin Bell biography and *A Room of One's Own*—may acquire Harcourt's 1982 diary-calendar with its brief quotations from the works and such useful reminders as the date of her first suicide attempt.

Here and there, Woolf worship is a source of mild discomfort. Twenty years ago, when Professor J.J. Wilson, a California scholar who is a founder of the "Virginia Woolf Miscellany," decided she wanted to write about Woolf, much of the work was out of print. "For me, she was just the great underdog writer. I took it up as a cause. Now," she says wryly, "I'm very embarrassed to be on a bandwagon."

The bandwagon, set in motion by the American women's movement, gathered speed after Leonard Woolf died in 1969, freeing a trove of his wife's material locked up in temperature-controlled rooms on both sides of the ocean. This made possible the two-volume biography by her nephew, Quentin Bell; the six-volume collection of letters; the diaries, which will run to five volumes; a rash of critical works based on the new papers, including early drafts of fiction and voluminous notes on her reading.

While the Woolf life by Quentin Bell, who is the son of Virginia's older sister, Vanessa, alerted literate America to this half-forgotten phenomenon, it found unhappy disfavor in some academic circles. In the view of the militant, feminist wing, Bell, perhaps an unconscious victim of family bias, had overworked the portrait of the fragile, sickly lady of Bloomsbury and had neglected her genius, intellectual stature, and commitment to socialist politics. "The lupine critics" is Bell's tart label for the detractors. Their leader, Jane Marcus, a professor at the University of Texas, once defiantly proposed to a literary conference that they wear lapel buttons read-

Helen Dudar is a journalist and critic who writes a syndicated column on books.

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ing, "Lupine critics and proud of it."

To the browser, it might seem as if the well of Woolf scholarship had been nearly drained dry, but Professor Marcus believes otherwise. "The great and important works are yet to come," she says. To talk to Marcus at any length is to begin to appreciate the intensity of allegiance to the subject. The greatest part of the original Woolfiana is housed in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library; the curator is Dr. Lola Szladits, a suave, ironic woman with nightmare memories of what she took to be the peak years of Woolf fever. The Berg reading room comfortably accommodates eight researchers at two big tables. In the mid-1970s, in any period when a literary convention was in the city, at least a dozen more scholars could be found sitting on the floor bent over the mauve scrawls on the mauve sheets of Woolf note paper. The rapture was palpable.

When Nigel Nicolson suggested to a seminar group at Boulder, Colorado, that "Virginia had never suffered from any of the disadvantages she describes in *Three Guineas*," her feminist-pacifist tract, "there was uproar," he recalls, and some of the women in the audience walked out. Nicolson is the son of the writer, Vita Sackville-West, a great love of Virginia's life; he is co-editor of the letters and a familiar figure on the Woolf-Bloomsbury symposium circuit in America. He is also waspish about her "Joan of Arc status" here and the academics who "fasten on her like leeches." There's nothing approaching it in England. In fact, his son who is reading English literature at Cambridge says no one teaches or studies Woolf there. One might add that this does not necessarily reflect credit on Cambridge.

GISELLE FREUND

Virginia Woolf in 1939, two years before her suicide: Talk of her we must.

On her native ground, Bloomsbury is in disrepute, never having recovered from the assault by Cambridge don F.R. Leavis on the circle and its writings. The British, including most British feminists, do not understand America's passion for Virginia Woolf. She herself might have had some trouble with it. After all, Elizabeth Bowen once observed to a visitor from the United States, Virginia "refused completely to believe that Americans were, at least in her sense of the word, civilized."

Lupines are sensitive to any hint that their interest could be excessive. Carolyn Heilbrun of Columbia University, a doyenne of the Woolf movement, notes that the passion for Woolf is no greater than the passion for James Joyce, who shares the centenary this year and whose work is often taught in tandem with hers. "If you admire Auden, that's good taste," Professor Heilbrun notes sardonically. "If you admire Sylvia Plath, it's a cult. Women are always in a defensive position. One has to be awfully careful to call something a cult."

Cult or taste, the results occasionally suggest the intellectual equivalent of collecting nail parings. One is reminded of Virginia Woolf's lament after a stint of sickbed reading that apparently had included a good deal of critical works. "Shakespeare," she complained, "is getting flyblown; a paternal government might well forbid writing about him, as they put his monument at Stratford beyond the reach of scribbling fingers."

The recent literature includes a book by a British male scholar who holds that Virginia Woolf was never mad. The position is essential to a writer intent on also arguing that Leonard Woolf—the sainted Leonard—was her enemy and the cause of her illness, if any. Most scholars thought it was a silly book, even those given to speculating that Virginia worked off her rages in the only mode possible for a woman born in the constrictive Victorian era. That notion is viable if you are willing to equate profoundly psychotic episodes—"voices," birds singing in Greek, howling seizures of self-destructiveness—with a temper tantrum or a siege of depression.

The conventional view is that Leonard kept her sane, alive, and working for the better part of their 29 years together. She had had two serious breakdowns before their marriage in 1912 and suffered a third soon after; for the rest of her life, it

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Virginia (left) with Leonard Woolf in 1912, the year they were married, and (right) ca. 1900, with her father, Sir Leslie Stephen, a writer, editor, and scholar.

was Leonard who supervised her diet and rest and put her to bed at the first sign of a severe headache. In the words of one scholar, he "managed the genius." As the letters and diaries demonstrate, she was enormously needy, with an infantile greed for the love of those she cared about. "Maternal protection," she notes in a diary entry, was what she wanted from Leonard, from Vanessa, from Vita.

What she could offer in return came out of a complex and alluring intelligence. One would hate to think it was prurience—a sick fascination with the sickness—that attracted any part of her following. The prose is sometimes poetry and nearly always a demonstration of vigorous intellectual health.

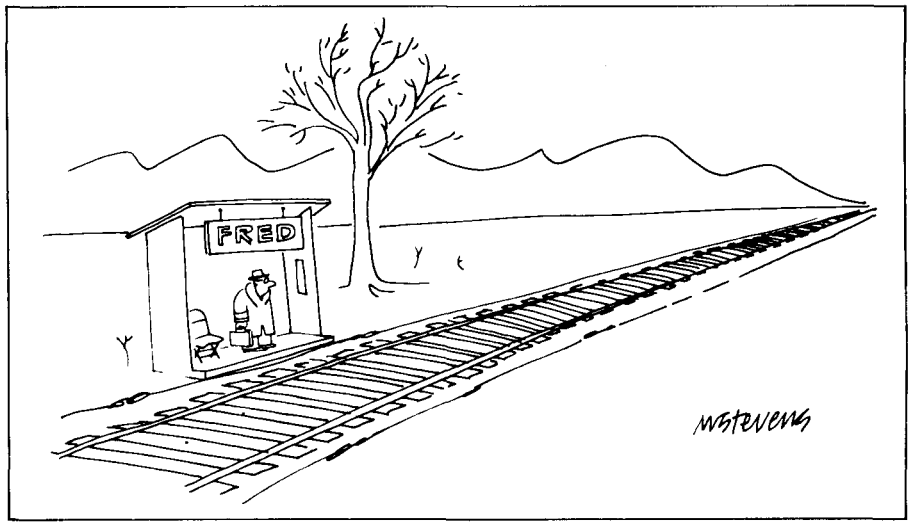
You cannot do better with your time than celebrate Virginia Woolf's 100th birthday by surrounding yourself with samples of her art. To dip into the letters is to have the company of a woman whose wit and intellect are like a great spinning top, simultaneously delivering sparks and high colors. They are generous, catty, funny, gossipy, charming, and revealing, often more revealing than the diaries that sometimes seem to have been written with an expectation of posterity for an audience. For all her bouts of frail health, reported in stupefying detail, they also show her strengths, her confidence in her ideas and her art.

Woolfites are roughly divided into two camps. Among professionals, the works that matter most are the novels, fertile ground for the kind of pitiless exegesis by which academia so often manages to render important fiction lifeless. The amateur view is that Woolf's best, most enduring works were her essays and literary reviews. (She would not have agreed. The novels grew out of an obsessive need to explore time, memory, self; she wrote nonfiction largely for the small sums it added to her income.)

For this common reader, returning after a long absence to *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* was, surprisingly, a disappointment. Novels once loved, they now seem watery and pale, like a landscape seen through gauze. When she was struggling with *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf, in a letter to a friend, asked rhetorically, "But how does one make people talk about everything in the whole of life so that one's hair stands on end...?" One's hair stands on end less often for the novels than for the nonfiction.

Woolf's clever publishers keep finding new ways to collect the essays and autobiographical works (*Women and Writing*, *Moments of Being*). An occasional piece might well have been left uncollected, but most of them are wonderful—voyages of discovery shared by a gorgeous sensibility. She writes about the letters exchanged among members of a 14th-century English mercantile family, and at once we know their cramped, orderly, difficult life. With a few words, a telling anecdote, Mary Wollstonecraft is made a vivid presence. The lives of the obscure capture her imagination, sending her prowling along dusty shelves to find and tell us about forgotten autobiographies. Who else would have memorialized Laetitia Pilkington, who was three feet two inches tall and had been taught to write by Swift?

Mrs. Dalloway and *The Common Reader* appeared simultaneously in 1925, and soon after, Vita Sackville-West delivered a verdict that seems durable yet. Writing to Virginia to report that she preferred the essays, Vita explained that the novel "remains a will-of-the-wisp, a dazzling and lovely acquaintance," while "*The Common Reader* grows into a guide, philosopher, and friend." ■



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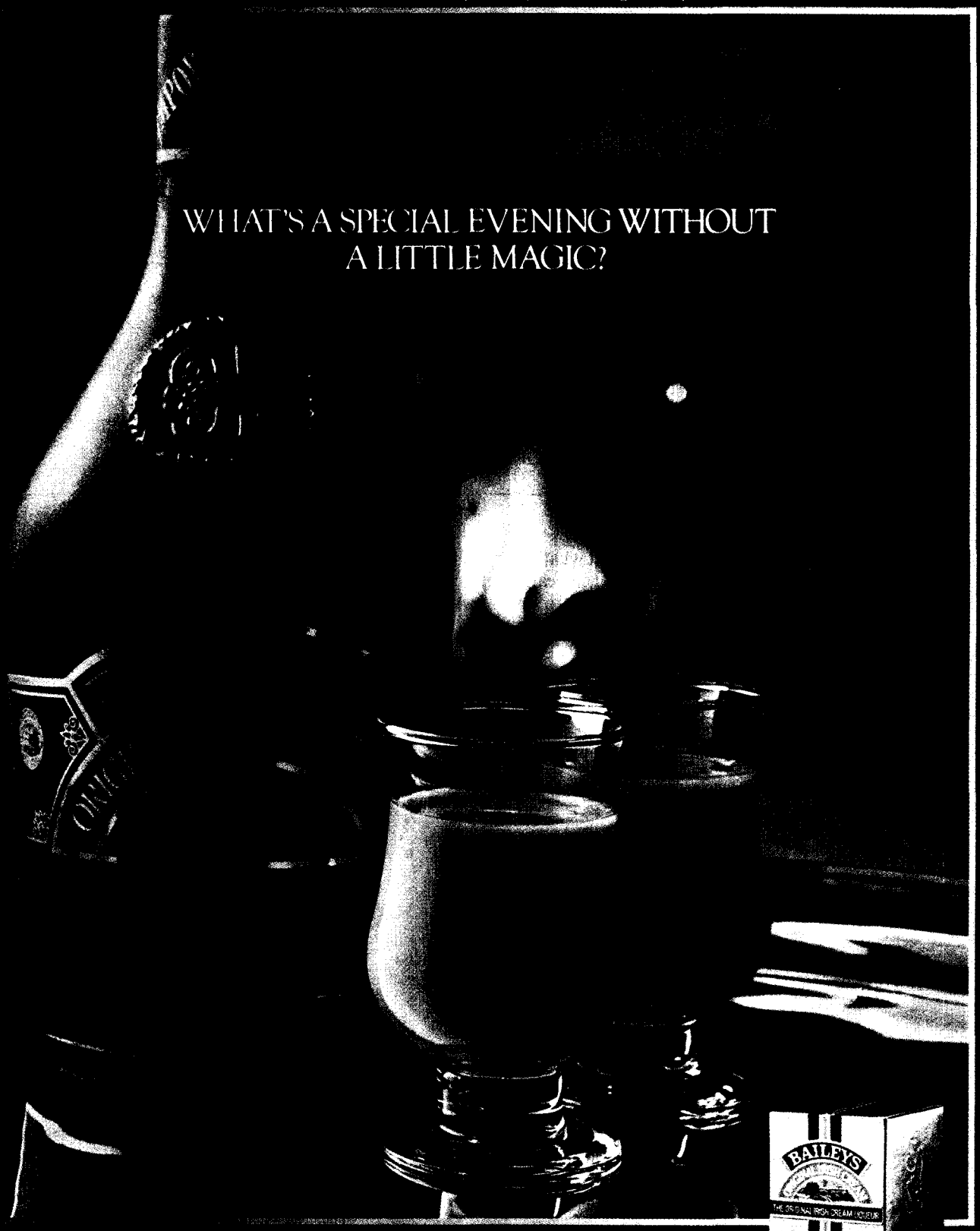

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The Metropolitan Museum Goes Primitive—At Last

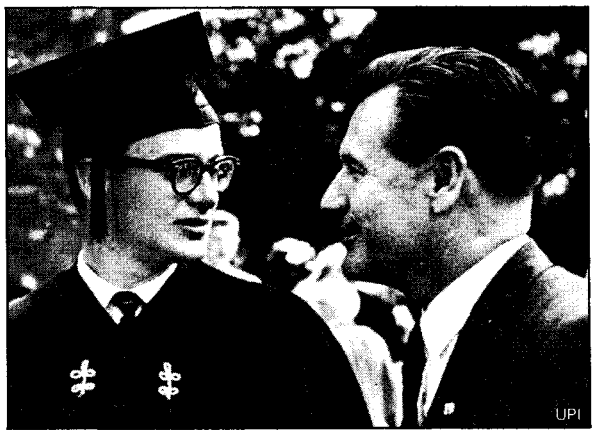
After years of neglecting the subject, the Met this month opens a new wing devoted to primitive art. Its collection is now one of the best in the world.

BY GRACE GLUECK

What is primitive art? Why, the stuff that isn't in the Metropolitan." That ironic definition used to make the rounds before Nelson Rockefeller gave the holdings of the Museum of Primitive Art to New York's Metropolitan Museum in 1969, putting that august pillar of Western civilization formidably into the field of the tribal cultures it once brushed aside. Now after suitable preparation, the Met will open this month its $18.3-million Michael C. Rockefeller Wing, named for Nelson's youngest son, who was lost in New Guinea in 1961 while collecting artifacts. The 42,000-square-foot installation is devoted to the "primitive" art of Africa, Oceania, and the Americas. Certainly one of the strongest aesthetic presentations of such art in the world, it renders the old definition magnificently obsolete.

The new Rockefeller Wing represents the Met's full-scale commitment to a field it recognizes as ranking with the major arts of the Western and Far Eastern civilizations. "With the new wing," says Philippe de Montebello, the Met's director, "we are closing the last gap in our encyclopedic coverage of the arts of man, placing works by artists from so-called primitive regions on a level with Oriental, classical, medieval, and other more recognized arts of the civilized world."

Just what is "primitive" art? Although in recent years ethnic consciousness has taught us to shy away from the term, art historians feel more comfortable with the term. "Properly speaking," says Douglas Newton, chairman of the Met's Department of Primitive Art, "it is the art of those peoples who have remained until recent times at an early technological level; who have been oriented toward the use of tools, but not machines. I don't think of it as a qualitative description at all."



The late Michael C. Rockefeller, at his Harvard commencement in 1960, with his father, Nelson.

The new galleries unite the collections of the Museum of Primitive Art, founded by Nelson Rockefeller in 1954, with other objects acquired over the years by the Met. These include a group of 80 Dogon sculptures from the Lester Wunderman collection (see *SR*, August 1981), pre-Columbian gold objects from the bequest of Alice K. Bache, and some 600 Peruvian ceramics from the Nathan Cummings collection, as well as Rockefeller's personal holdings, left at his death in 1979. In all, the Met now owns some 7,000 works, of which nearly 2,000 are on display.

In size and shape, the new wing on the south end of the Met matches the Sackler Wing, which houses the Temple of Dendur at the north end of the museum building. Both wings look out into Central Park through similar sloping glass facades. The exhibition space is so arranged that artifacts from each of the civilizations—African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian—occupy an equal share of the vast space, whose ceiling heights vary from 11 to 52 feet. Each object has been dramatically placed for an overall effect that is nothing less than spectacular. (The upper floor of the wing is devoted to the André Meyer Gallery for 19th-century French art, which opened earlier.)

In the African area, there are such prizes as a Fang reliquary head that once belonged to the sculptor Jacob Epstein; a 16th-century Benin ivory mask and bronze portrait heads; large Senufo bird masks from the Ivory Coast; a wooden stool carved with great singularity by a tribesman known only as the Buli Master. Among the pre-Columbian splendors are a cache of glittering gold objects—masks, pendants, nose clips, beakers—from Peru and Colombia; a huge Olmec stone jaguar; an early Mayan figure of a kneeling priest. And the Oceanic area

Grace Glueck is an art reporter and reviewer for the *New York Times*.

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with New Hebrides drums in the new Rockefeller wing.

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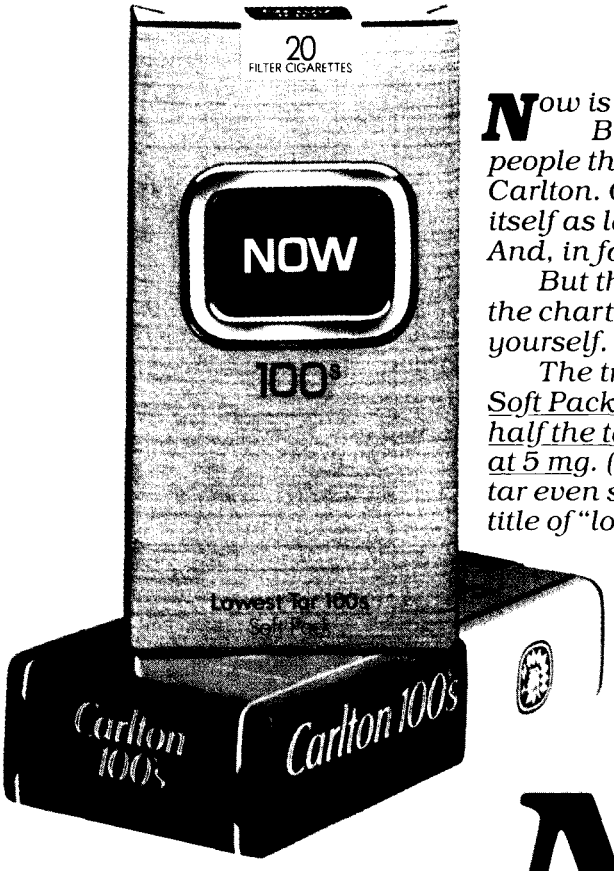

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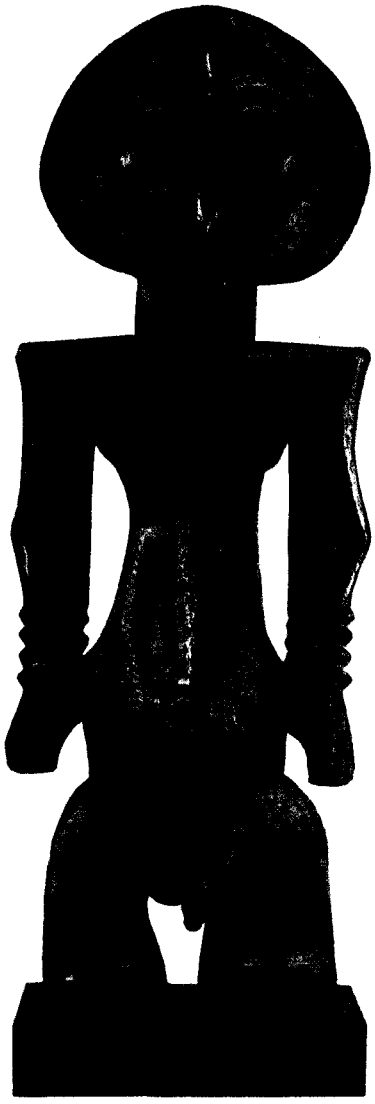

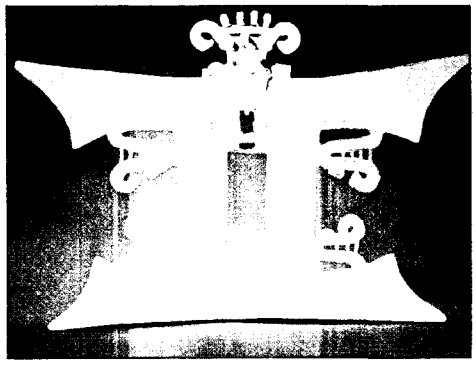

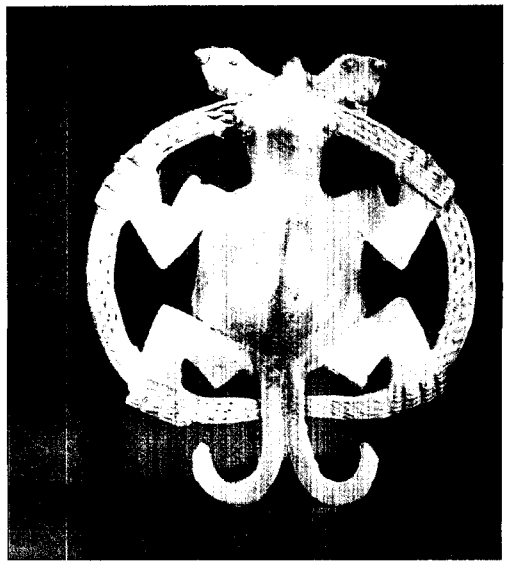

From the Met's collection (clockwise from left): a wooden male figure from Zaire, 19th-20th century; a gold effigy beaker from Peru, 12th-14th century; a wooden headdress ornament from British Columbia, 19th century; a gold bell from Panama, 11th-16th century; a gold pendant from Costa Rica, 10th-16th century.

boasts the nine imposing Asmat ceremonial poles, each 20 feet high, sent back from New Guinea by Michael Rockefeller on his last trip; a 25-foot crocodile effigy balancing on its nose a human head; and a re-creation of a New Guinea ceremonial house with a ceiling of bark paintings recently done by Kwoma tribespeople at Newton's commission. (The Kwoma were paid $1 for each painting.)

"The intention has always been to have a small, choice collection," says Newton, who supervised the installation, "not a vast, heterogeneous one. The point of our collection lies in its balance." Visitors to the collection who want to study work in quantity, Newton suggests, can do so by means of the 30,000 books and 300,000 photographs in its Robert Goldwater Library, named for the late art historian who was first director of the Museum of Primitive Art.

Actually, the Met made an abortive attempt to collect primitive art more than a century ago. In 1879, Henry G. Marquand, a trustee who was later the museum's second president, donated a collection of American Indian pottery, and in 1882, he gave a group of Peruvian artifacts acquired from Richard Gibbs, who had earlier served as United States minister to Peru. That same year the museum mounted a show of primitive art, and its annual report urged in a reasoned three-page discourse that a department be established in the field. "Abundant evidence is now offered that [primitive] art is not savage art nor barbaric," it read. "Antiquities of our own continent should form a prominent feature in an American museum."

But priorities changed as the museum grew, and the pre-Columbian objects began to seem *de trop*. In 1913, the Met and the American Museum of Natural History came to an agreement: that the Met's province was the art of *historic* cultures, the Natural History's that of *prehistoric* cultures. A large part of the Met's primitive holdings—mainly Mexican material—was lent to the Natural History museum.

Meanwhile, an awareness of African sculpture as art, distinct from ethnography, was beginning to infiltrate Western consciousness, deeply affecting the work of such artists as Picasso, Modigliani, and Brancusi. In New York in 1914, Alfred Stieglitz mounted the first American show of African sculpture at his gallery, "291." In 1923, the Brooklyn Museum presented "Primitive Negro Art," a show of nearly 1,500 Congolese objects, the first such museum display. Then, in the early 1930s, under the direction of the late Alfred H. Barr Jr., the Museum of Modern Art began mounting a long string of "primitive shows," which included African, Mexican, and American Indian art as well as objects from the South Seas—landmark events in the recognition of the influence of primitive art on modern painting and sculpture.

But the Met still regarded primitive art as primarily of ethnological interest. Nelson Rockefeller, on the Met board at that time, was unhappy over its meager

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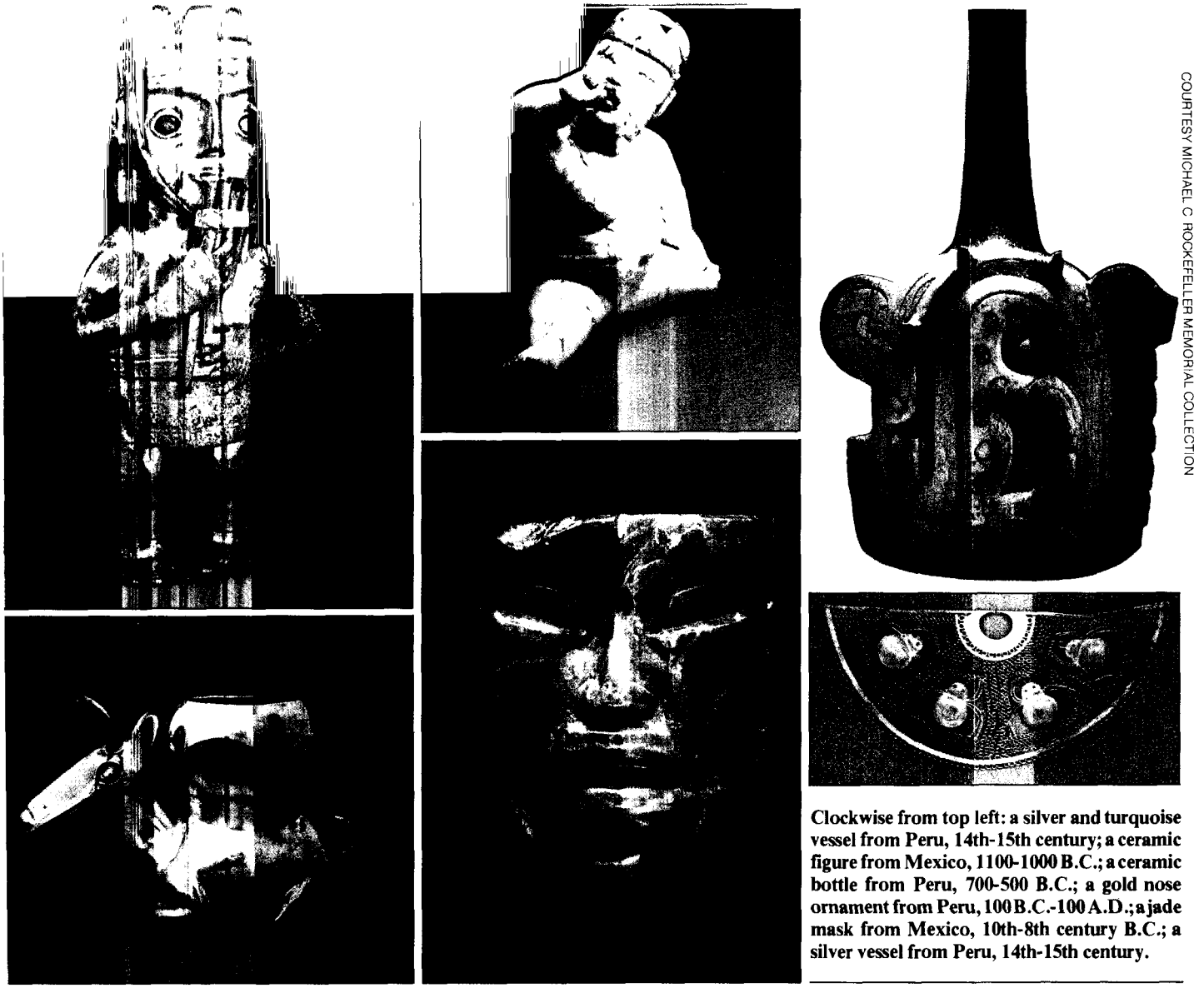

COURTESY MICHAEL C ROCKEFELLER MEMORIAL COLLECTION

Clockwise from top left: a silver and turquoise vessel from Peru, 14th-15th century; a ceramic figure from Mexico, 1100-1000 B.C.; a ceramic bottle from Peru, 700-500 B.C.; a gold nose ornament from Peru, 100 B.C.-100 A.D.; a jade mask from Mexico, 10th-8th century B.C.; a silver vessel from Peru, 14th-15th century.

showing in the field and sought to spark interest by proposing to finance the Met and the Museum of Natural History in a joint pre-Columbian archaeological dig in Latin America. The Natural History museum was enthusiastic. The Met, however, under the direction of Herbert Winlock, had become heavily involved in Egyptian archaeology and turned down the proposal.

Nelson Rockefeller's interest in primitive art (which he had seen as a youth in his mother's private gallery) was abetted by his friend René d'Harnoncourt, an impoverished Austrian count who had exported himself to Mexico and become something of an authority on the art of that country. As president of the Museum of Modern Art in the 1940s, Rockefeller persuaded d'Harnoncourt to join the staff, subsequently making him the Modern's director. D'Harnoncourt's expertise and eye for primitive art were manifest in the growing Rockefeller collection, which by the early 1950s had reached such a level of quantity and quality as to justify going public.

The result was the Museum of Primitive Art, which opened in 1957 in a brownstone on West 54th Street in New York, at the time the only institution in the country entirely devoted to primitive art as *art* rather than ethnographic material. In the late 1960s, still pushing for a department of primitive art at the Met, Rockefeller and d'Harnoncourt came up with the idea of a major exhibition there of the Primitive museum's collection. The Met finally agreed, feeling by this time that its encyclopedic aspirations could not be fulfilled without a department of primitive art, and the show was held in 1969. At the urging of Brooke Astor, an active trustee, who offered to contribute to the construction of a special wing, and the late Dudley T. Easby, museum council, and an ardent champion of primitive art at the time, the Met agreed to accept the entire collection as a gift from Rockefeller.

How does the collection rate? It is a generally superb—though not entirely comprehensive—survey. Its most apparent weakness is the dearth of North American Indian objects. There are some dazzling high spots: Most experts single out for particular mention the African and the pre-Columbian gold holdings. From the beginning, Douglas Newton points out, the Rockefeller emphasis has been on aesthetic distinction rather than on vast numbers of objects. And so while quality prevails, the depth of the Met's holdings in each field does not begin to compare, numerically, with older collections such as that of the Museum of Ethnography in Berlin—said to have some 50,000 objects in Oceanic art alone—or the Museum of Gold in Bogotá. "There are museums here, there, and all over that have larger collections, with greater depth and quantity, but not with the distinction of ours," says Newton.

Other authorities in the field also stress the collection's aesthetic quality. Michael Kan, curator of African, Oceanic, and New World Cultures at the Detroit Insti-

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tute of Arts, sees the Rockefeller Wing as "one of the great collections in the country; it ranks way up there in terms of what there is in America, and its objects are pretty much on the 'masterpiece' level of things from other areas in the Met's collections." Roland Force, director of New York City's Museum of the American Indian and a Pacific specialist, says, "It has to rank with the better collections in the world. It's not as large as some, but in terms of beauty and rarity its objects are outstanding."

The star area of the Met's collection is its African section. "It's undoubtedly the best African collection in America," says William Fagg, retired keeper of African art at the British Museum and then, until 1974, keeper of that institution's ethnographical Museum of Mankind.

In pre-Columbian art, according to Michael Kan, the Met's holdings include "one of the great gold collections in the world, given the objects left by Alice Bache and those the Primitive already had." Allen Wardwell, director of the Asia House Gallery of the Asia Society in New York and formerly curator of primitive art at the Art Institute of Chicago, describes a seated Mayan wood figure of a fiercely mustachioed priest from the early classic period (400-500 A.D.) as "one of the greatest pieces, absolutely a knockout."

Discussing the Oceanic area, specialists point to older collections such as those of the Field Museum in Chicago, assembled around 1910, and museums of ethnography in Germany, Switzerland, and Holland, which were colonial powers in the area. George Corbin, assistant professor of art history at Herbert H. Lehman College of the City University of New York, cites "gaps" in the Met's Oceanic collections when compared with the museums of ethnography in Berlin and Basel. But he praises the Met's collection as having "quality pieces across the board, and some of masterpiece quality; for example, the Sulka shield and the hooked male figure from the Karawari region of New Guinea."

Perhaps the most important aspect of the installation, according to Douglas Newton, is that it will "change people's view of art, help them to realize that primitive art isn't a backwater of art history, but a major theme." As he wrote in the Met's *Bulletin* for fall 1981: "Primitive culture encompasses an enormous proportion of the earth's surface and of its past and present populations.... And it covers at least 3,000 years of history. 'Primitive' culture has been the major part of human experience." ■

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JEAN-PIERRE ARMAND

Boulez, left, working with nuclear physicist and computer expert Giuseppe Di Giugno, at IRCAM.

The Electronic World of Pierre Boulez

The most influential composer of computer music, Boulez now spends most of his time at an underground lab in Paris. His goal: to revolutionize the sound of music.

BY G.S. BOURDAIN

Few cultural landmarks have attracted as much notoriety in the last decade as the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris. But beneath the well-publicized museum, built four stories underground like a giant bunker, is a cultural hothouse few tourists ever visit: the foremost laboratory in the world devoted to electronic music. Known as IRCAM (Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique-Musique), it is headed by Pierre Boulez, who left his post as music director of the New York Philharmonic in 1977 to devote all his energies to the project. In so doing, he has become the most influential composer and proponent of computer music in the world.

As a composer, Boulez has always been wholly committed to the most extreme forms of musical experimentation, and when electronic, computer-synthesized sounds first appeared in serious musical compositions during the 1950s, Boulez soon tried his hand at it. Now at 56, enthroned in his dream laboratory at IRCAM, he is dedicating himself to acoustical research, composing his own electronic works, and publicly performing the newest experimental compositions in a constant attempt to explore computer-enhanced musical sounds and to introduce those sounds to audiences. Last fall, the Paris Autumn Festival

G.S. Bourdain is an American journalist who lives in Paris. She specializes in writing about the arts.

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devoted its two-and-a-half-month program to a complete retrospective of his work. And last December, Paris audiences cheered his latest computer composition, *Répons*, which had premiered two months earlier in Germany.

Computer music, as Boulez is propounding it, can take many forms. Composers can use computers to produce all the sounds in a composition; or they can use computers to create tapes that accompany live musicians playing traditional instruments; or they can use computers to transform sounds that are being played by live musicians. (Pop music has long used such simultaneous electronic transformation to create, for example, echo-chamber effects.)

Computers can create a limitless variety of sounds by sending electronic signals to loudspeakers. They can imitate traditional instruments—harp, oboe, violin, etc. Or they can imitate the sounds of traditional instruments but distort them somewhat (suggesting a bassoon being strangled, for instance, or a viola made of lead). Or computers can create entirely unfamiliar sounds that don't resemble those of any traditional instrument.

A computer can also play a succession of notes more rapidly—or more slowly—than live musicians can play their instruments. A computer could, for instance, imitate a xylophone played at inhuman, whirlwind speed—or hold a trumpet-like sound longer than any musician's breath could last. Finally, a computer can produce sounds of any pitch—piano-like notes, for instance, that a piano's fixed strings couldn't play, or flute-like notes pitched between a flute's stops.

Boulez's newest composition, *Répons*, was conceived for three separate entities. First, there is an instrumental ensemble of 24 musicians (woodwinds, brass, violins, violas, cellos, and bass) whose sound remains untransformed. Then there is a group of six solo instrumentalists playing a total of 12 instruments whose sounds are picked up and transformed instantaneously by computer. And last, there are six tape recorders with pre-recorded, computer-generated music, each controlled by a soloist.

For approximately 40 minutes, the three entities conduct dialogues—orchestra with soloist, soloist with tape, soloist with soloist. There are natural sounds, computer-transformed sounds, and amplified sounds, all creating a game of "responses." The tapes on the six recorders have been created by Boulez on an IRCAM computer and are played in predetermined sequences. The soloists operate the six machines themselves, causing these computer-synthesized sounds to appear and disappear at given moments in the score. The sounds can be sent to any of six small speakers placed behind each of the soloists, as well as to six large speakers placed within the larger ensemble for general diffusion.

At its world premiere last October, one European critic described *Répons* as "bouquets of sound, comparable to the bursting of dreamlike fireworks or a remembered drug trip. They circulate, evolve, reassemble, and separate in colored movements." Another called it "a work of its composer's maturity" and "like a message full of a sort of lyricism. Under the throbbing spring produced by the computer, one senses a well of tenderness, of real emotion." "What pleasure to discover a great work!" said a third. "*Répons* is radiant and blooming."

Boulez composed this probe into musical stratospheres in the offices of IRCAM, a complex, chilly environment that suggests appropriately, a NASA control center rather than an artist's studio. Built underground on four levels, it contains studios, laboratories, anechoic chamber, computer room, mechanical workshop, conference room, library, technical areas, offices, and an experimental concert hall. Its walls are a creamy-gray metal grillwork, and all exterior noise is effectively shut out. Cables are stretched everywhere, the many doors seem airtight, and the only color is provided by a few red or blue metal cabinets, brown tape recorders, and the flickering screens of computer terminals.

"IRCAM is an institute quite unique in the world," Boulez explains. "It is specifically made for research and for contemporary music. Very few institutes have this privilege, because most are supported by universities or radio networks or other organizations that don't have the same principal goal."

At the institute, scientists carry out research on acoustics and digital signal processing. A scientific committee coordinates activities between the two labs and stays in touch with composers and performers. Each year, 15 to 20 composers are invited to work on their compositions and are granted studio and machine time, technical assistance, and research aid. Works completed at IRCAM are premiered during seasons in France and abroad given by the institute and by a performance group headed by Boulez called the Ensemble InterContemporain.

On a recent visit, the mechanical study laboratory was eerily reminiscent of a medical school's dissecting room—with a tuba as the specimen. Centimeter by centimeter, researchers were wiring various parts of the tuba, measuring and analyzing with computers and oscilloscopes the sounds each segment of the instrument produced.

IRCAM publishes its research through a constant stream of technical journals, symposiums, conferences, and organized visits, and it coproduces cassettes, records, films, and TV programs. Most important, its research is constantly being used by the composers and musicians in residence, giving them the opportunity to experiment with new combinations of sounds on computers as well as on traditional instruments, searching for patterns they find expressive.

As a conductor, says Boulez, "I try to put 20th-century music in the center of activity."

BERNARD CHARLON/GAMMA/LIAISON

Pierre Boulez, whose vision has shaped IRCAM from the beginning, was born in Montbrison, France, in 1925. He attended the Paris Conservatory, studying composition under Olivier Messiaen, graduating in 1945. The following year he began studying serial

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technique with René Leibowitz, and he soon produced his first compositions, the Sonatina for Flute and Piano, Piano Sonata No. 1, and the first version of *Le Visage Nuptial*, in which he set to music a poem by Rene Char.

At first Boulez was influenced by the Austrian "Big Three"—Berg, Schoenberg, and Webern—but he nevertheless sought his own direction quickly, denouncing Berg's "nostalgic outlooks" and Schoenberg's "erroneous views," and adopting the "poor relation" of the Austrians, Webern, as his most influential model of the three.

But after the Piano Sonata No. 2 in 1949, Boulez "never again wrote in reference to a past form," he has explained, but "always found a form which was thought of with the idea itself." He has often said that "new thoughts have a kind of disintegrating action on old material," and he has reworked several of his early compositions, so that versions played today have little resemblance to their "grandparents." He has also been known to deliver scores in installments, working on them over several years.

In 1948, he began his career as a conductor with a Parisian theater orchestra, arriving first in the U.S. on a 1952 tour conducting for a French ballet troupe. Two years later he began organizing concerts of experimental music in Paris, and these, more than any of his other activities, helped spread his reputation. In 1958, he was invited to perform similar concerts in West Germany, and in 1963, he was invited to lecture on avant-garde music at Harvard.

Though Boulez is certainly best known as a conductor following his tenure with the New York Philharmonic, he has always made it clear that conducting could only play a temporary role in his life. He explains his acceptance of the Philharmonic post as an attempt "to show my own ideas about how to make the life of an orchestra part of the intellectual life of the arts generally. I don't want an orchestra to be only a museum that gives from time to time a first performance that everybody forgets five minutes later. I try to put 20th-century music in the center of an orchestra's activity.

"You know, thousands of people visit the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim, and the Whitney, but music is far behind, and people go always to the 19th century. A Picasso exhibition attracts many more people than a Stravinsky festival would. A Kandinsky or Klee exhibition would attract many more people than a Schoenberg festival, for instance. Yet the work of Stravinsky and Schoenberg—their place in their own field—is approximately the same. I try, therefore, to have music participate in this kind of artistic life, and it is very difficult."

Still, despite his years of lecturing, writing, composing, and performing, many audiences still find his music inaccessible. "I'm not loved in all corners, believe me" he admits. But then how does he explain the eminence he enjoys in French cultural life? "Certainly the fact that I was far from France for a while, achieving in other countries what I achieved, has put me in a much stronger position than when I left for Germany in 1958. When I came back, people seemed to say, 'Well, if he did all that in other countries maybe he can do that also in our country.'"

New musical sounds are like new materials in architecture, says Boulez. "You cannot invent new forms with only wood and stone. You have to use new materials."

Having proven himself elsewhere, Boulez proposed IRCAM to the French government, and in 1972, President Georges Pompidou decided to include it in plans for a new arts complex. Boulez was asked to set up the project and direct it, which he has done since the institute opened its doors in 1976.

Always intrigued by technology, Boulez had been interested in electronically altered and synthesized music for years. But he found the available resources insufficient, calling the existing electronic music studios "shoe repair shops." Nevertheless, he used them to compose several compositions. Perhaps the idea for IRCAM was born then, for in those elementary studios, he explains, a composer could spend "15 to 30 hours of studio time for a few seconds of music." Obviously a high-speed computer was needed.

Boulez found his dream computer in the 4X, built by an Italian nuclear physicist, Giuseppe Di Giugno, who amused himself in off-hours building electronic-music instruments in his basement. The 4X can perform an astounding 200 million operations per second, producing, manipulating, and transforming sound practically instantaneously. This allows performers to play duets with themselves —which Boulez calls for in *Répons*.

Still, he recognizes that no computer can replace human creativity. "At first, you think 'Ah, it's marvelous,' but then you realize that you must not be hypnotized," he says. "The machine is very tempting in a way, because it gives you a lot of solutions very easily. But it has its limitations, and you must really bring all your intensity to making the machine give and do what *you* want. You must be very critical, because it is the *mind*, the *imagination*, that creates the work, not the machine. The machine is at your service and you must use it, must shape it to your needs. Make *it* serve *you*."

With all his activities, Boulez's schedule is supercharged. He acknowledges that he has little time for anything more than music. He considers vacations "boring" and never takes one. "I detest sitting on a beach doing nothing," he says. "For centuries people had no vacations, so why suddenly this obsession with vacations in the 20th century?"

Boulez is no less single-minded about the musical direction he has chosen. He is aware that, despite his constant proselytizing, many former avant-gardists have renounced disharmony. Some have even begun, daringly, to compose melody. Not Boulez. "If electronic music was for certain people a fashion and now retro music is a fashion, I don't care," he says. "I think retro music was as superficial before as it is now. I don't care very much for this superficial approach to music."

Instead, Boulez wants to create new musical sounds, likening them to new materials in architecture. "If you want to invent new forms, you cannot do that with only wood or only stone. You have to use concrete, steel, and all the new materials that have been discovered. I think it is essential to keep ourselves informed about the possibilities of new material because new material *is* new thinking. You cannot think absolutely new with old material. All the history of music proves that. New instruments had a very obvious evolution in changing styles of music. I cannot imagine that we have now found the best solution for all instruments and that it's done and we will go on like this forever." ■

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Irving Kolodin

Stravinsky à la Hockney

Opera-goers generally and Metropolitan Opera-goers particularly owe a fervent "God bless David Hockney" for the British designer's second success in two tries at making a big stage visually appropriate for an evening of three small-sized spectacles. This time it is the Met's commemoration of **Igor Stravinsky**'s birth in 1882, an evening that brings together *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Le Rossignol*, and *Oedipus Rex*. What Hockney has done, by artful designs and lovable colors on the large Lincoln Center stage, could be a model for other companies with stages of similar size elsewhere in America.

The three works chosen could make an excellent evening's occupation for a top symphony orchestra. But in his application of keen proportions and space-filling decoration, Hockney has given the most admirable of frames within which stage director John Dexter, conductor James Levine, and choreographers Jean-Pierre Bonnefous (*Le Sacre*) and Sir Frederick Ashton (*Le Rossignol*) have fulfilled their own capabilities.

When the first sounds of Stravinsky's miraculously sparse yet ever-stimulating score of *Le Sacre* rose on a nearly barren stage, Hockney's magnified, distant design for the dance drama transcended any comparable scheme New York has seen in years. A broad, hanging rear panel, lit by changing illumination, gave a sense of appropriate abstraction to Bonnefous's movements, which were oddly suggestive of the late Michel Fokine.

The danced plot of *Le Sacre* concerns a tribal maiden who is ritually sacrificed. With Linda Galinas as the Chosen One and Christopher Stocker as the Sage, the visual patterns that Bonnefous contrived for the skillfully costumed ensemble proved highly compatible with Stravinsky's 1913 score and added considerable visual expression. The result was a total impact on the senses. Levine's stress on musical lyricism gave a unity often lacking in conductors intent on putting Stravinsky's spectacle in the pit rather than on the stage.

Hockney's deft ability to shift emphasis from darkness to light according to theatrical necessities helped make Sir Frederick Ashton's danced version of *Le Rossignol* almost unsurpassable. The music reflects Stravinsky's growth from a beginner to a master craftsman (he started composing *Le Rossignol* in 1908 and finished it in 1914 after *Le Sacre*). The first part of the work evokes a quiet scene between the Nightingale and the Fisherman, followed by an elaborate scene in which the Nightingale is brought to the Emperor's palace as a life-giving source of song.

The Met's new *Rossignol*: Artful designs, lovable colors, and satiric music.

As the second scene evolved in the blues and whites of Hockney's design—with simulated, balloonlike props lifted high in the air on staves borne by courtiers—the slightly satirical music of the older, more sophisticated Stravinsky was vividly mirrored in the scenic treatment. Hockney's art was even equal to a mechanized, oversized nightingale presented to the Emperor by his Japanese counterpart, causing the real Nightingale to flutter away. When the real Nightingale is lured back from the protection of the Fisherman to sing again and rescue the Emperor from death, Stravinsky achieves musical magic once more in a style he imagined half a dozen years before when he began composing the opera.

Le Rossignol can be performed with actors miming the parts of the non-Chinese or with dancers, as done in this version choreographed by Sir Frederick Ashton. With a flexibility well suited to the picturesque action invented by Sir Frederick, Natalia Makarova as the Nightingale and Anthony Dowell as the Fisherman excelled any imaginable miming.

They were partnered vocally from the pit by Gwendolyn Bradley's fluency as the bird—if not by Philip Creech's less agile interpretation of Stravinsky's Fisherman. The stage singing by such able members of the Met ensemble as Morley Meredith (Emperor), John Cheek (Chamberlain), Ara Berberian (Bonze), and Lili Chookasian (Death) was excellent.

The choice of *Oedipus Rex*, from the mid-1920s, as the evening's final offering, demonstrated by its contrast with the earlier episodes Stravinsky's life-long determination never to write another *Petrouchka*, another *Le Sacre*, or for that matter, another *Le Rossignol*. Dexter's cogent scheme of production began with Dowell, this time in the pit, intoning the text of the Speaker in his excellent English enunciation, with the chorus seated from stage wall to stage wall. The action was depicted above the chorus on a platform. The scenery was dressed by Hockney in reds (symbolic of the eventual blood letting) and blacks (perhaps symbolic of mourning).

Each singer was formally attired (black tie for the men, an evening gown for the lady). As they entered the time-honored interaction of Oedipus (Richard Cassilly), Creon (Franz Mazura), Tiresias (John Macurdy), and Jocasta (Tatiana Troyanos), each was adorned by an onstage attendant in a head-enveloping, white Grecian mask.

All this preserved the decorum and formalities of the Stravinsky score, well performed under Levine's productive direction. ■

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Walter Terry

Why Do Dancers Live So Long?

"Give me a hand, dear," said the white-haired lady as she completed a stretch split. "Those ballet dames were perfectly happy being vertical for a couple of hundred years, and *I* had to invent dancing that lies, lolls, luxuriates on the floor. Now I can't get up!" The speaker, in her nineties, was Ruth St. Denis who, along with her great contemporary, Isadora Duncan (killed in an accident at age 50), changed the course of the world's dance and of the theater itself. "Miss Ruth," as she was known to generations of dancers, performed up to a few weeks before her death in 1968. She said to me not long before, "I don't expect to live forever, although all present signs point to the contrary."

The fact of the matter is that dancers *do* live forever—or almost. Martha Graham, the most famous product of the company run by Ruth St. Denis and her husband-partner, Ted Shawn, will be 88 when she brings the Martha Graham Dance Company to the New York City Center for a June engagement. Graham, who made her debut with St. Denis, Shawn, and their Denishawn Dancers in 1916, danced in performance for the last time in April 1969 when she was well into her seventies. Today she continues dancing as she choreographs and teaches daily classes at her school.

In ballet, Alicia Alonso celebrated her sixtieth birthday last December by dancing the full-length *Giselle* in Havana with her Ballet Nacional de Cuba. There were no omissions, no cut corners. Leaps, jumps, pirouettes were all there. Alonso told me that if she ever says farewell to *Giselle*, she would like to do it with the American Ballet Theatre, where she danced the ballet for the first time more than 40 years ago. "There is plenty of time," she told me, "I plan to live to be 200." There is no reason to doubt her.

St. Denis, Graham, and Alonso are by no means unusual case histories. It seems more than a fluke that the four great ballerinas of the Romantic Age of Ballet who danced together in Jules Perrot's *Pas de Quatre* in 1845, by command of Queen Victoria, all lived to ripe old ages: Marie Taglioni and Carlotta Grisi (the first Giselle), 80, Lucille Grahn, 88, Fanny Cerrito, 92. Men don't live as long as women? They do if they're dancers. Perrot himself lived until 82 and Taglioni's father, the great choreographer Filippo Taglioni, stayed on until 94.

When ballet was young, in those days when life expectancy was hardly what it is today, dancers flouted the rules. The world's first professional ballerina, known only as Lafontaine, made her debut at the Paris Opera in 1681 and was past 80 when she died. The first great male dancer of note, Gaetan Vestris (hailed as *le dieu de la danse*), lived to 80 and his son, Auguste, to 82.

In our own time, there are the impressive life spans of three major ballerinas of the last era of the Russian Imperial Ballet who moved to Paris after the Revolution. Olga Preobrajenska and Lubov Egorova lived and taught into their nineties. Mathilde Kchessinska, prima ballerina assoluta, a favorite of the last tsar and a Romanov princess, by marriage, died in Paris shortly before her 100th birthday.

Why do dancers live so long? Someday, appropriate members of the medical profession will make appropriate tests based on appropriate statistics and come up with scientific answers. Until then, it suffices to say that dancers go on and on because they never really stop dancing, retired or not. Did you ever have a conversation with a "retired" dancer? It is a conversation in movement. You are informed—through elaborate gestures, breathing, torso twists, and even recollected steps and patterns—what is wrong or right about dance and dancers today. Such reminiscences in movement keep old bodies resilient.

One of the problems with longevity among dancers is that, with few exceptions, they are forced to retire from the stage with half a lifetime still ahead of them. Those so gifted can earn a comfortable income as teachers, but other dancers, without teaching gifts, are less fortunate. A few, with related talents, become actors, designers, photographers, even directors of companies. But many, in the youth-oriented dance world in America, find themselves at 40 with 40 dance-empty years ahead.

Not so in Denmark. The dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet are luckier than most. If they wish, they may retire with a lifetime pension at 40. But because of the nature of the repertory, which features the ballets of the 19th-century Danish choreographic genius August Bournonville, with their wide range of dramatic as

RADFORD BASCOME

Ruth St. Denis at 75 and Ted Shawn at 60—still dancing their *Egyptian Ballet*.

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well as virtuosic roles, there are literally parts for dancers from 8 to 80. Gerda Karstens, one of the great mimes of the Royal Danish Ballet, retired in 1956 after 50 years on stage. She and her husband opened a restaurant far from Copenhagen. "I've had enough of ballet," she told me then. But 20 years later, she was back teaching her art of mime to a new generation and, at 78, was dancing every night in a Copenhagen theater. I asked her why the comeback, and she gave me the Danish equivalent of, "Oh, I still like to kick up my heels!"

The longevity of dancers may also be due to their enthusiastic romanticism for both life and their art. Ted Shawn, ailing severely on his eightieth birthday, rallied spectacularly to re-create for the cameras a choreographed kiss with Gloria Swanson (now past 80 herself) that the two had originally done in a chase-catch-clinch love scene for a silent movie of 1917. La Belle Otero, a Spanish dancer whose hectic stage career and love life seemed to go hand in hand, came close to reaching the century mark due, perhaps, to the fact that her dancer's body remained energized and her womanly spirits held high by the knowledge that "men's faces light with desire" as she passed by.

Ruth St. Denis also had an eye for attractive men, her husband included. But she combined lustiness and unquenchable romanticism with intense spirituality. For her and Ted Shawn, the "patron saint of the dance" was Havelock Ellis, author of *The Psychology of Sex* and a book of essays called *The Dance of Life*. In the latter, St. Denis and Shawn were illumined by the following: "If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life."

At a movie screening of a selection of historic St. Denis solos, a handsome young camera enthusiast met St. Denis for the first time. Approaching the veteran dancer, he said, "May I ask a question, ma'am?" St. Denis, by then in her mid-eighties, urged him to sit beside her. Placing a hand on his shoulder, she said, "And now, my dear boy, what is your question?" Rather nervously he answered, "Do you still dance, Miss St. Denis?" She looked at him for a moment, withdrew her hand, and with her head thrown back and her arms folded across her breast, she spoke softly, in almost a whisper: "My child, my child. Let me say that I move with remembered beauty." ■

Judith Crist

Loss of Innocence

It is a rare and wonderful thing when the master of a genre surpasses himself and rarer still to have him do so as a "foreigner." Costa-Gavras, an Athenian in Paris since 1952, has accomplished this with his first American-made English-language film, **Missing**, a stunning, topical, tri-level movie.

Constantin Gavras made his writer-director debut at age 32 with *The Sleeping Car Murders* in 1965, establishing himself in the Hitchcockian thriller tradition. In his subsequent films he moved on to a dual level of thriller and of political exposé: his 1969 Oscar winner, *Z*, a ruthless and powerful "crime fiction" rooted in the 1963 murder of a liberal Greek deputy, Gregorios Lambrakis; *The Confession*, in 1970, based on the 1952 Prague trials; *State of Siege*, in 1973, derived from the 1970 assassination of Daniel Mitrione, an official of this country's Agency for International Development, by guerrillas in Uruguay; and *Special Section*, in 1975, dealing with the prostitution of the judiciary by the Vichy regime during World War II. (His most recent film, 1979's *Clair de Femme*, was a departure, a less than successful pseudo-poetic venture into a study of character.)

With *Missing*, Costa-Gavras surpasses his earlier works, offering not only a thriller and a political revelation but also a heart-wrenching human drama. There is no fudging with fact here, though for legal reasons there is the legend that some names have been changed "to protect the innocent and also to protect the film." And nowhere in the movie, which was filmed in Mexico, is the country in which these events took place named, although there are clues aplenty. Based on Thomas Hauser's 1978 nonfiction book, it is the story of Ed Horman, portrayed by Jack Lemmon, an affluent and conservative New York businessman whose son, Charles, disappeared on September 17, 1973, during the military take-over of Chile and who, when Washington sources proved of no help, went to Santiago himself to search for the young man.

In eloquent cinematic style, Costa-Gavras offers us, in effect, a story of innocence, of two generations who, though alienated by the social upheavals of the 1960s, were each convinced that there was security in being an American. Charles Horman, played by John Shea, is 31 and a freelance journalist and filmmaker living in the unnamed foreign capital. He, his wife, Beth, played by Sissy Spacek, and their other young compatriots felt secure at all times; should anything adverse happen, a friend notes, "Our embassy would go bananas." Ed Horman himself, a Nixon supporter, felt confident that Washington would help; even when he set out, after Senators, Congressmen, and the State Department offered no answer to Charles's whereabouts, he was confident. To a Beth grown cynical and suspicious at the official run-around she had so far received, he could only shout angrily, "I don't want to hear any of your anti-Establishment paranoia. If he'd settled down where he belongs, none of it would have happened.... What stupid thing did he do?" And when Horman does stir up some embassy action and an aide asks, "What pull do you have?," Horman's only reply is "I'm an American citizen."

Father and daughter-in-law begin their search in enmity, bonded only by

Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek in *Missing*.

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their love for Charles. It is the story of a man's slow loss of innocence, a father's final realization of who and what his son was as a person, and of a young woman's growing compassion for and understanding of the older generation that provides the heartbreaking counterpoint to a gripping unraveling of crime and deception, all played out against the street horrors of a bloody revolution.

At the heart of the political matter there is, of course, official American involvement in the coup. Much of this has become common knowledge, but the impact is underlined as the young people stumble across evidence of it. They are befriended briefly by several U.S. military men who talk freely before them. ("Because we were Americans they assumed we were allies," one notes.) The cool terror of American participation in the military takeover becomes clear finally even to a reluctant Horman.

Costa-Gavras starts out with the coup in progress and the young people deciding that they ought to leave the country. But they are separated by the suddenly imposed curfew. Charles is kept in a hotel, Beth is forced into flight in the night, bullets flying, the surreal marked by a riderless horse galloping across a corpse-strewn street, shelter denied by the terrified. She finally returns to a wrecked apartment and no sign of Charles. When Horman arrives, the endless rounds begin: frustrating appointments with silky-smooth American officials, nervous encounters with local police, near-clandestine interviews with neighbors and friends whose testimony comes in shatteringly dramatic flashbacks. There is the agony of touring hospital wards, morgues where the corpses lie row on row in room after room, of making personal appeals in a stadium filled with thousands of detainees. The final horror—beyond the stench of corpses and corruption and social devastation—lies in the pragmatism of American officialdom, whose grace is a willingness to ship a corpse home C.O.D.

Lemmon has never been truer than as the man who sees his social and political values shattered, but arrives at understanding and a realization that, as his son believed, "Guilt is like fear: it's given to us for survival, not destruction." Spacek is overwhelming in her transition from child-woman to woman; Shea makes his mark as the politically naive, intense, and charming Charles. Melanie Mayron, as a friend, and Janice Rule, as a journalist, are very good. It's the smooth American officials—portrayed by Charles Cioffi, David Clennon, Richard Venture, and others—who curdle the blood, having learned, as Cioffi advises, "to live on the right side of the power curve."

It is, however, Costa-Gavras's triumph in probing, with the outsider's advantage of objectivity, the terrible truths and complexities of our policies in humanistic terms, with brilliant dramatic effect as well as maturity and conscience. While American filmmakers deal with our paranoia, he has chosen to deal with our trust—and he shatters it. The epilogue—that summing-up that Costa-Gavras originated in *Z*—tells all.

JEAN-PIERRE LAFFONT/SYGMA

Ulam tribesmen under attack by Wagaboos in the prehistoric potboiler *Quest for Fire*.

Quest for Fire, a science-fantasy film dealing with primitive man, comes with extraordinary cachet. It was directed by France's Jean-Jacques Arnaud, whose *Black and White in Color* won a 1978 Oscar as best foreign-language film; its story of Homo sapiens clashing with Neanderthals was written by Gerard Brach, whose credits include *Tess*; it was exquisitely photographed in Scotland, Canada, and Iceland by Claude Agostini, a French cinematographer; its primitives were given a specially devised language by Anthony Burgess, the novelist-linguist, and a "vocabulary of gestures" created by Desmond Morris, the "Naked Ape" anthropologist. And I doubt that anyone over the age of 12 can watch it with a straight face.

Its story is set some 80,000 years ago, with a tribe huddling around a fire. They are set upon by bad guys who murder and maim and put out the fire. (The bad guys are hairier than the good guys but no one has the charm of those *Planet of the Apes* chaps.) The survivors go north, apparently, to the remnants of the Ice Age, and one fellow, who has been carrying their remaining bit of fire in a sort of lantern, trips in the swamp and douses it. While the others huddle and shiver, three young men are sent off to find fire. The movie is devoted to their quest. They encounter beasts and hostile tribesmen, including cannibals, and rescue a couple of prospective female dinners, one of whom follows them. She starts up a romance with the least repulsive of the trio, a blond who is the leader. But apparently homesick, she takes off. The blond chases after and discovers her with her tribe—a relatively hairless, mud-covered, black-streaked group that lives in fabricated shelters, makes pottery, forces prisoners to service their old fat ladies, and knows the secret of fire. Eventually the romance is resumed; the female goes back with the blond, teaching him the missionary position and his tribe how to make fire.

All of this—which looks, for the most part, like animated dioramas in the Museum of Natural History—takes place to the luscious strains of the London Symphony Orchestra playing a soupy Philippe Sarde score, with occasional humming from some sort of heavenly choir. The least one could have hoped for in 78,000 B.C. was a little peace and quiet. And only the ultra-scholarly, or credit-readers, will guess for a moment that the squeaks, squeals, and jabbers of the proto-humans aren't just zoo sounds or actors' improvisations.

Were it not so bloody and violent, I would recommend this extravagant work for the kids. As for myself, it reminded me much too much of the opening prehistoric sequence of Mel Brooks's *History of the World, Part I*—and bits from his 2,000-Year-Old Man monologue kept echoing in my mind. But then again, what can you expect from someone weaned on Hal Roach's *One Million B.C.* ■

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Hit and Miss

Dreamgirls is not only a smash hit, it's a good show. Michael Bennett, who was responsible for *A Chorus Line*, has coaxed and imagined and hauled into being—with wonderful collaborators—a musical that occupies the stage for two and a half flowing hours. "Occupies" is a key word. The book, by Tom Eyen, about the trials and triumphs and letdowns of some black singers through the 1960s and into the 1970s, is a patchwork of spontaneity and afterthoughts. The score—lyrics by Eyen, music by Henry Krieger—is pleasant enough, in styles that don't offer endless chances for variety. But life—zingy real-fake stage life—leaps out on the stage from the first moment and never stops whirling. By the usual standards of book, memorable score, impact of theme—matters that *A Chorus Line* either handled well or victoriously ignored—*Dreamgirls* is problematic. But sheerly as a piece of theater existence, it breathes from start to finish.

The cast is almost all black. The show begins backstage at the Apollo in Harlem, early 1960s, when three girl singers arrive from Chicago to try out in an amateur contest. The verdict is rigged against them so that they will accept backup jobs for a male star. Love affairs with the star and the manager lace the story, though not very tightly. One of the three girls, the fat one, is bumped out of the group at the end of Act I; after some hemstitched tribulations, she recovers and rejoins the group for the finale. A main trouble with the book is that, seemingly without being designed that way, the story has no center; another is that the theme—with which presumably the whole project began—gets obscured in the Scotch-taped book. That theme is cultural integrity: A black entrepreneur tries to shift his singers from black rhythm-and-blues into what he thinks will be more widely accepted white popular modes. But this theme, though visible, is not the dynamics of the piece.

Three elements hold *Dreamgirls* together and move it forward. First is the fact that the music is almost continuous—very little of the show is spoken—and that a lot of Eyen's lyrics between the relatively formal songs are not in rhymed verse but in a lively cross of recitative and *Sprechgesang*—conversation rendered in ear-teasing song. Second is the fat girl, Jennifer Holliday, who belts into her songs like a fullback crossing for a touchdown. She combines sweetness, raucousness, and a charming pleasure in her own power.

Third is the production, the work of Bennett; his co-choreographer, Michael Peters; the scenic designer, Robin Wagner; the costume designer, Theoni V. Aldredge; and the lighting designer, Tharon Musser. Wagner has provided structural—almost constructivist—settings. It's essentially a naked stage with four tall rectangular towers made of piping, each containing a "tree" of spotlights; and there are three battens—strips that hang from the flies—built much the same way. The towers move in and out and rotate when needed; the battens sometimes descend right to the floor and even carry people up with them. To these seven elements, mobile bearers of light, Wagner has added occasional steps and platforms, front drops like the fall of an old-fashioned beaded gown, and one solid back wall of dozens of soft blue lights. Absolutely integrated with the scenic pieces is Musser's lighting—most of her lights are *in* the scenic pieces, so scenery and lighting are twinned in a rare way. Together Wagner and Musser create an environment that combines backstage with the world seen from backstage, lushness spiced with spareness. (Or, I could almost say, vice versa.) And Aldredge's show-biz costumes are like tropical foliage gone artfully insane.

"Dreamgirls" leaps right out on the stage and never stops whirling.

All this, underpinned by the consistently vital if undistinguished music, made me think, to my surprise, of Gordon Craig, the theater designer-philosopher of the early 20th century. Craig might himself have been surprised, but it was he who, in 1906, decried the reliance of the theater on the playwright and wrote that the theater "must in time perform pieces of its own art," becoming "self-reliant" by using its own resources of "action, words, line, color, and rhythm." *Dreamgirls* is much more a "self-reliant" Craigian theater piece than it is a conventional musical.

Besides, which is a quite different fact, it's a smash hit. Whenever such a hit opens—not a common event—I get the feeling that the whole island of Manhattan relaxes and smiles. Garbage in the streets? Crime? High prices? All still there, of course, but New York seems to be saying: "See? This is what we're *for*. No place else could do it." Believe in Broadway or not, smash hits make it more attractive.

Jules Feiffer's new play **Grownups** is meant to be scathing—furiously, satirically scathing. It's not. When it isn't boring, which is much of the time, it's repellent: not because Feiffer is succeeding in his "savagery" but because he isn't. His play takes on a faint odor of smugness—the author who thinks he's being daring when he's only being trite.

Mike Nichols and Elaine May used to do a sketch in which a world-famous Jewish scientist telephones his mother who starts to complain about his neglect of her, and within a minute this important man is reduced to a cringing child. Feiffer's first act takes the first half of his play to do more or less the same thing. This time the man is a reporter for the *New York Times* (though we're given no hint of his qualifications or past experience that got him the job), and the act takes place in the large kitchen of his

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Dreamgirls (left to right) Jennifer Holliday, Sheryl Lee Ralph, and Loretta Devine, whose zingy energy helps make their show a hit.

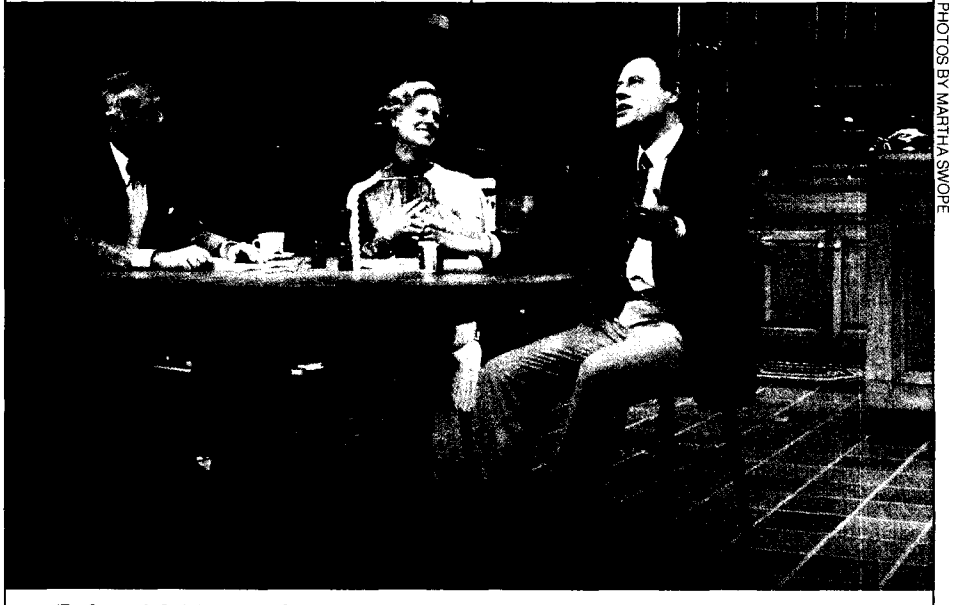
sister's suburban home. Dramaturgy has rarely been clumsier than Feiffer's as he keeps a party out on the back lawn and contrives reasons for selected characters to meet in the kitchen for confrontations. (The clumsiness is translated into Andrew Jackness's set. There's only one entrance backstage center, so the only possible entrances and exits are in the least effective manner—at right angles to the footlights.)

What we learn from Act I is that the reporter's parents have smothered their two children with possessive love and with prodding for their own ego satisfaction. (The reporter's wife dislikes her in-laws so much she won't attend the party and keeps her child away.) These old folks are conventional middle-class monsters, with their illnesses and recipes and resentments and iterated phrases. Mother has never let her daughter finish a story; Mother *and* Father never really recognized their son until he "made" the *Times*. Even this mustily familiar set of tensions might have been made really tense again if Feiffer showed any gift for characterization; but these people, particularly the old folks, are not even the cartoons with which Feiffer has sometimes peopled plays—they are stock, from plays and films and TV. Just a few inches further and Feiffer might have written an Ionesco comedy of platitudes, but he doesn't seem to *realize* that it's all platitude; apparently he thinks he's tearing the disguise of familial sentimentality from his people as he tears the scales from our eyes. Along with the play's staleness of character and dialogue, it subscribes glibly to diluted Freud. Everything that's wrong with us, it says, is our parents' fault. Anything that's right with us is our conquest of our upbringing. Parents are not only the great but the sole curse of Western civilization.

Act II, in the home of the reporter and his wife and their small daughter, is a bit better because it shows how a fierce marital quarrel can flare out of a trifle and can reveal buried ego infringements. But Feiffer has to drag in the old folks again toward the end to establish some sort of connection between the two halves of his play. For the final curtain, the reporter announces that he has quit the *Times*. This move toward independence of his parents' regard is as unexplained as the way he first got the job.

Parts of Feiffer's past work, like the last scene of *Little Murders*, have had wickedly funny bite. *Grownups* is toothless. Many of the world's best plays, from Athens to O'Neill, have dealt with family troubles, but they are never assumptive, as Feiffer is; they always justify themselves; and they always move, as Feiffer does not, to themes deeper than the immediate family grievances.

When Frances Sternhagen (who plays the reporter's mother) disappoints, then a show really is in trouble. Bob Dishy underplays the reporter in his customary manner, which results in an uneasy blend of a Second City satirist being "sincere" and an Elliott Gould manqué. The only member of the cast worth a salute is Cheryl Giannini, who strikes some truth as the reporter's wife. The director, John Madden, seems to have spent most of his time wrestling with the stiffness of the script; and lost. ■



PHOTOS BY MARTHA SWOPE

(Left to right) Harold Gould, Frances Sternhagen, and Bob Dishy in Jules Feiffer's *Grownups*. Playwright Feiffer thinks he's being daring when he's only being trite.

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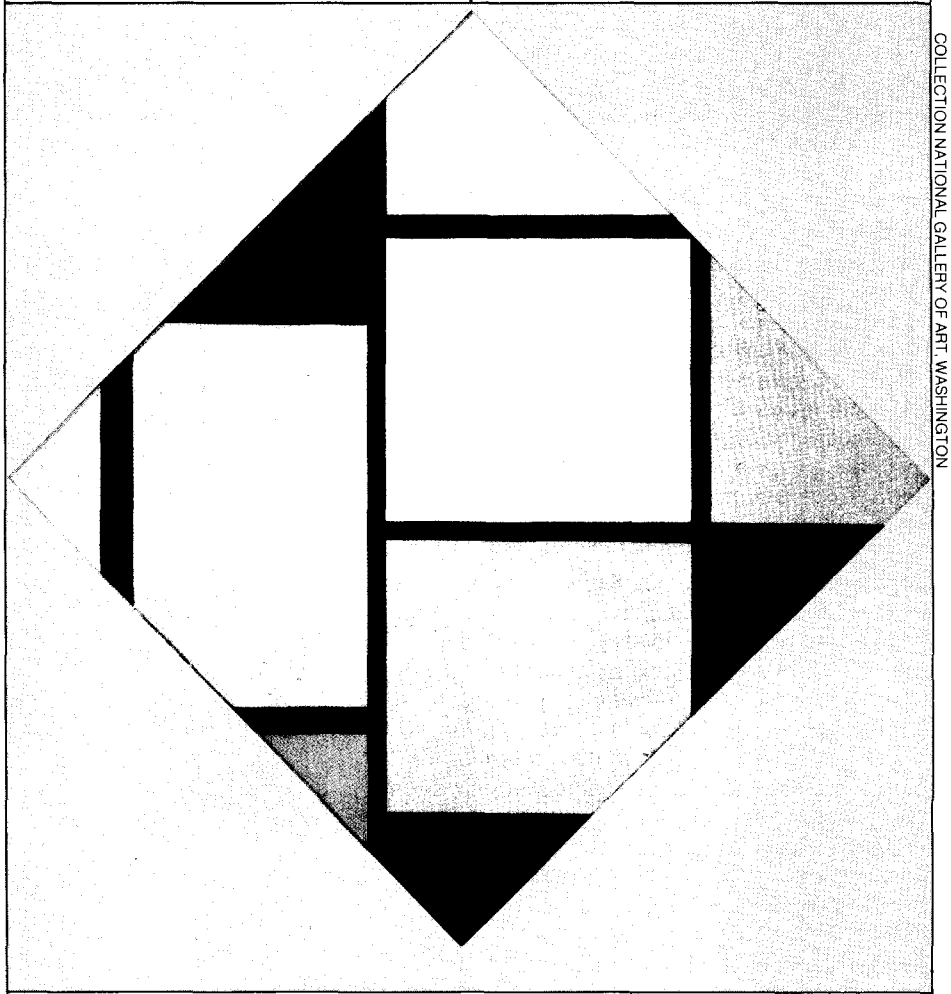
Carter Ratcliff

The Style to End Styles

At a time when blockbuster exhibitions lumber through our museums like an elephant parade, a basic question looms larger every season: What, beyond a museum's self-interest, might justify such overkill? The Walker Art Center of Minneapolis offers at least a partial answer—good timing. Its current show, **De Stijl: 1917-1931, Visions of Utopia***, is a vast spectacle, the product of long, herculean efforts of planning and assembling—and it appears at precisely the right moment.

De Stijl (which, in a rough approximation of the Dutch, sounds something like *de shtile*) means simply, "The Style." It was first of all a magazine, edited by Theo van Doesburg, then a movement. In the early 1920s he moved from Leiden, in the Netherlands, to Weimar, where his journal had a deep influence on the artists and architects of the Bauhaus. So it's especially appropriate that the Walker's De Stijl exhibition should appear when Tom Wolfe's *From Bauhaus to Our House* is a best seller. Like the Bauhausians, such De Stijl stalwarts as van Doesburg, Piet Mondrian, and Bart van der Leck wanted to rid Cubism and other modernist styles of two encumbrances—direct references to visible things and the individual's touch. In other words, they hoped to revamp the most adventurous art of their time as a launching pad for a flight to an ideal realm, an empyrean of purified form and color, an art-heaven where the specific and the personal would cease to exercise their divisive powers.

De Stijl, the ultimate style-beyond-style, was born in 1917, three years after the onset of World War I. Its birthplace was neutral Holland, and its ambition was to put an "objective," geometric kind of beauty to work in overcoming the strife between individuals, communities, and nations. Harmony in painting and sculpture was to lead to architecture and city planning, and from there—who knows? De Stijl's rhetoric grows vague in the course of its grander flights, yet it's clear that van Doesburg and Mondrian, in particular, felt their visions on a global scale.



COLLECTION NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON

The essence of De Stijl: Mondrian's "Diamond Painting, Red, Yellow, Blue" (1925).

The De Stijl movement pushed modernist Utopianism to its farthest extreme. Hence it is a heavily battered target of those big revisionist guns that have kept Utopia under constant bombardment for the last decade or so. One of the most intelligent assaults was *Form Follows Fiasco*, Peter Blake's witty, worldly book about modernism's impact on architecture. Far and away the most popular campaign against the visionary spirit is Tom Wolfe's book, an extended series of wisecracks at the expense of modernist idealism. Some of Wolfe's fusillade finds its target. Utopian styles of architecture had no defenses against the tactics of sharp players in the megabucks real-estate game, and what began in the teens and 1920s of this century as a search for serene, spiritually uplifting form ended as an excuse for skyscrapers whose cost-shaving blandness is more oppressive

*Minneapolis, through March. Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, D.C., April 20 through June 27. Amsterdam, the Netherlands, August 8 through October 3.

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FRANK DEN OUDSTEN, ©1982

Gerrit Rietveld's Schroder house: There was only one correct way to do things.

than flamboyant ugliness could ever be. Wolfe exploits all the comic possibilities in this contradiction, yet, as the Walker exhibition demonstrates, De Stijl's experiments have lasting aesthetic value.

The show includes more than 200 objects by more than 15 members of the group, including such crucial but heretofore obscure figures as van der Leck and Vilmos Huszar. There are those chairs by Gerrit Rietveld—made famous when Morley Safer in a recent *60 Minutes* broadcast complained they were uncomfortable. There are graphics from the magazine *De Stijl*, which provided this loosely organized group of artists, designers, and architects with their only reliable focal point. The influential buildings designed by Rietveld and J.J.P. Oud are thoroughly documented and, at the heart of this show, there are major efforts at reconstruction—including Mondrian's 1926 Paris studio and the gallery space that Huszar and Rietveld designed for the Greater Berlin Exhibition of 1923. Here the viewer becomes an actor, long after the curtain has come down, in a Utopian drama that was to rescue Western culture from its obsession with the individual, then turn us in unison toward a future in which self and world would, at least, be reconciled. It is here in these meticulously reconstructed rooms that one senses why this inspired plot stalled and went sour.

Mondrian's studio is so very much *his* territory; with its puritanical high-mindedness it looks very different from the jazz-age salon van Doesburg designed for the Café Aubette in Strasbourg. The two artists share their geometric premises, yet this is not enough to make them identical twins leading the way to a serene tomorrow. As it happened, these two leading lights of De Stijl fell out in the 1920s over a dispute about the gospel of geometric purity. Van Doesburg couldn't bring himself to abandon diagonals. Mondrian couldn't bring himself to take his colleague seriously after that. Their differences seem laughable after half a century, but then puritans have always been a reliable source of humor. More significantly, this blockbuster show demonstrates that none of De Stijl's form-givers—not a single one of them—was able to overcome his own individuality.

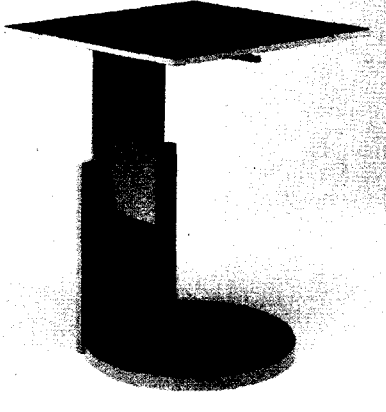
The Walker show makes clear that even in 1917, when this style to end all stylistic factions was born, it's possible to tell a canvas by Mondrian from one by van Doesburg, a van Doesburg from a van der Leck. The individual persists. And perhaps these Utopians wouldn't have denied that. Their hope was to bring the isolated self into harmony with its surroundings, not to transform us all into mass-produced clones. Yet they did insist that in art and architecture, in design and in city planning, there is only one correct way to do things—hence The Style, geometric, "objective," pure. The balance was to tip in favor of the communal, away from the subjective. This never happened, despite the impersonal surface. Even in the group's visionary schemes for reworking the layout of Amsterdam, the distinctively personal touches resist complete eradication.

The group supplied itself with alibis for this, and suitably elevated ones, at that. In 1920, Mondrian dedicated one of his high-flown pamphlets *aux hommes futurs*, to mankind of the future. In other words, us. If there were distorting traces of the subjective in Mondrian's arrangements of black lines, white planes, and blocks of primary color, it was up to succeeding generations—ours, first of all—to do away with them. The cause of visual purity was to be advanced as much as necessary to produce a corresponding improvement in everyday life. And the aesthetic side of this program was carried out, if only in the ironic, dead-end manner of Minimalist sculpture.

But the mankind in Mondrian's future never paid much attention to the social aspirations of De Stijl. We have exploited the group's look for the sake of high-art tactics, low-art design gimmicks, and the high finance of real-estate development is, after all, an echo of J.J.P. Oud's architectural clarity in even the dullest of our glass-and-steel office buildings. And we have exploited the idealistic innovations of the Bauhaus and Russian Constructivism in the same spirit. Perhaps these Utopians, lost in their outsized visions, got what they deserved. But it is we who have to live with the results.

And it is we who are responsible for them. As the Walker's reconstruction of De Stijl makes clear, this was never *the* style but it was very definitely *a* style—calm, refined, and deeply civilized. We made of that heritage something shallow and crude. That was our right. And we have myriad good reasons to be dissatisfied with what we've done in the name of modernism to our city skylines, our suburban lanes, and our shopping malls. But we have no right to blame Mondrian and company for any of it. And perhaps we have a responsibility, even at this late date, to seek out what persists of value in the visions of De Stijl. ■

Rietveld's end table (1923): geometric and pure.



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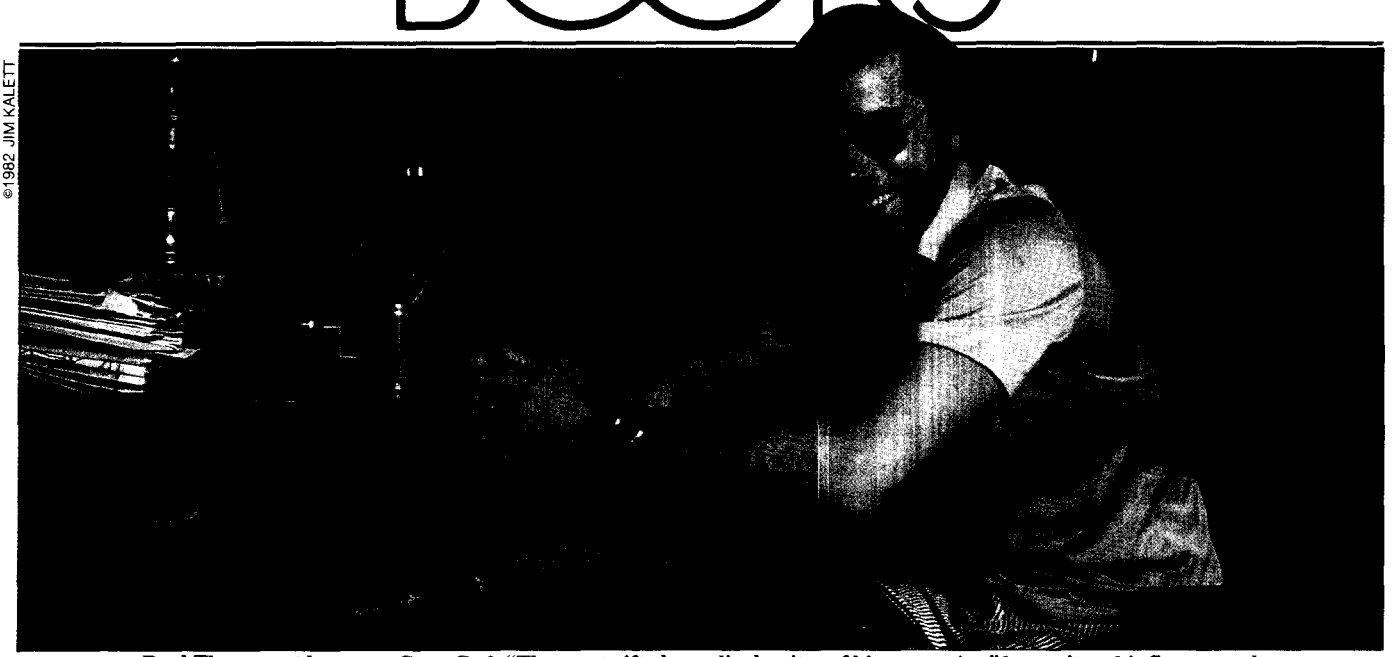
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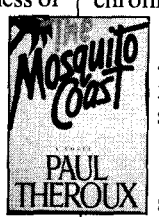
Paul Theroux at home on Cape Cod: "The most gifted, prodigal writer of his generation" has written his finest novel.

Theroux's Wonderful, Bottomless Novel

The Mosquito Coast
by Paul Theroux, Houghton Mifflin, 374 pp., $13.95

Reviewed by Jonathan Raban

ONE NEEDS ENERGY to keep up with the extraordinary, productive restlessness of Paul Theroux. He is alarmingly like the perpetual motion machine described in his new novel ("natural magnets...a thousand of them on a pair of wheels...you could light a city with something like that"), except that Theroux doesn't go in circles and has never moved in a predictable direction.



He is as busy as a jackdaw in the way he scavenges for forms and styles. In earlier novels he has taken conventional popular molds, like the ghost story (*The Black House*), the thriller (*The Family Arsenal*), the celebrity memoir (*Picture Palace*), and made them over for his own thoroughly original purposes. The geographic locations of his tales now make an almost unbroken ring around the globe. His train journeys (*The Great Railway Bazaar*, *The Old Patagonian Express*) are best read as freewheeling, impromptu fictions—the adventures of a picaresque hero who happens to bear the same name as his author and who shares his author's chronic cabin fever.

Theroux is 40 now—the most gifted, most prodigal writer of his generation. That statement begs a significant question. When, say, Malamud, Mailer, Updike, or Roth were 40, one could have spotted a stray paragraph from any of their books as "typically" Malamud, Mailer, Updike, or Roth. Can one do the same with Theroux? I couldn't. He has moved in skips and bounds, never staying long enough in one place for the moss of a mannered style to grow on his writing. Even in the most trivial ways, he ducks classification. For his jacket photographs, he favors sunglasses that give him a rather nasty resemblance to one of the inscrutable henchmen of Papa Doc. He looks as if being unknowable is an essential part of his profession. In the United States, I have actually heard him spoken of as a "British" writer. In England, he is the rogue American on our doorstep. Disguised behind his shades, following an eccentric private route at dizzying speed, he is not a man who is easily nailed down.

Yet with *The Mosquito Coast* he has arrived at a temporary summation. This is not just his finest novel so far. It is—in a characteristically hooded way—a novelist's act of self-definition, a midterm appraisal of his own resources. It is a wonderful book, with so many levels to it that it feels bottomless.

In Allie Fox, Theroux has created his first epic hero. If one can imagine an American tradition that takes in Benjamin Franklin, Captain Ahab, Huey Long, and the Reverend Jim Jones, then Allie Fox is its latest, most complete incarnation. He is the King of Yankee know-how and know-all, an inventor of inspired gizmos—from a self-propelled, self-wringing mop to a machine that makes ice out of fire. He is a genius, clown, and monster, a commander of words, an angry demagogue. Listening to no one but himself, he leads his family out of the wilderness of modern America—its junk foods, imported plastics, and "hideola"— to create a new world in the bug-infested jungle of Honduras.

To his wife and children, and to a bedraggled cluster of starving sidekicks in both Americas, Allie Fox, devout atheist, is little short of God Himself. And *The Mosquito Coast* is the gospel according to his son, Charlie. The novel tells two perfectly interwoven stories. The first is of how Allie Fox leads his little flock up to the precipice of madness and beyond. The second is of how Charlie slowly emerges from the shadow of his father's divinity into the cold, frightening

Jonathan Raban is the author of *Arabia* and, most recently, *Old Glory: An American Voyage.*

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light of skepticism and sorrow. Out of the twin stories, Theroux has made a novel that has the richness, simplicity, and power of myth.

Even in the barest outline, *The Mosquito Coast* sets up a whole series of suggestive ripples. Jonestown is there, of course: the foul clearing, the loudspeakers in the trees, the piled cadavers, the spools of recording tape. Beyond that, there is *the* original American story: the stale Old World, the sea crossing, the Indians, the "first Thanksgiving" as Allie Fox himself names it. Then there is a universal fable about the nature of godhead and belief. Finally, and much the most important, there is a tale here about the limits and possibilities of the creative imagination. Allie Fox is very like a novelist. He is an inventor. He makes and populates a world with an artist's totalitarian joy in his creation, bending everything and everyone in it to the requirements of his aesthetic design. At the end, it turns on him and he is literally consumed by it, as vultures tear out the very brains that set the world in motion. Fox's great imaginative enterprise both mirrors and mocks the creations of Theroux the novelist: The overreaching hero and the writer are one and the same man.

I mustn't mislead here. These big themes (and one could hardly imagine bigger ones) are never proclaimed in the novel. They run deep, like subterranean rivers, nourishing the life of the book's surface. For, reading *The Mosquito Coast*, one is engrossed in a marvelously told realistic story. It is a measure of the obsessive exactitude of Theroux's writing that there is not a page in the book in which one doesn't know the particular color of the sky, the texture of the earth underfoot, the cast of a face, the rhythm of a voice. In simile after simile, these physical details spring from the print, exuberantly real. Here are "strips of glue-colored cloud" ... "a tortoise-shell twilight"; pelicans go overhead "like a squadron of hedge-clippers"; a breaking sea looks "like whitewash hosed over black ice"... and so one could go on. This is an invented world that one can live in, smell, see, touch, and a style of writing so easy and precise that one reads through it like a transparent pane of glass.

The same loving particularity is what makes Allie Fox such an enthralling creation. Geniuses are notoriously hard to depict, but Fox—a cursed genius if ever there was one—is so solidly done that you can catch the stink of his armpits. Flaubert once boasted that he had gutted several hundred popular encyclopedias to write *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. Heaven knows what research Theroux has put into the construction of Allie Fox. For Fox knows *everything*: hydraulics...electronics...physics...navigation...chemistry...astronomy. Joking and hectoring by turns, he swaggers through the book, giving out what Hemingway called "the true gen" on every subject under the sun. One believes him, too. When he builds his ice machine, or rights a listing ship, his schemes always have the ring of authority and good sense. He is obstreperously plausible. He has a thing or two to teach every reader of this book. And so one finds oneself submitting, like Charlie Fox, to Allie's extraordinary capacity to spellbind and bludgeon.

That is part of Theroux's secret. He has rooted his story deep in the reasonable—in sense impressions that we can all share, in knowledge we can ascertain. All the nuts and bolts are secure. And from that stable platform, the novel is able to take off like a rocket into the empyrean. From the dingy familiarity of a hardware store in Northampton, Massachusetts, to a grotesque and tragic climax in the jungle, Theroux leads the reader cunningly on, step by reasonable step, reaching the exotic by means of the ordinary.

Here, too, the writer and his hero are in collusion. For that, of course, is just what Allie Fox does. Explaining his perpetual motion machine to the ship's captain, he says:

> Strictly speaking there is no such thing as invention. It's not creation, I mean. It's just magnifying what already exists. Making ends meet. They could teach it in school—Edison wanted to make invention a school subject, like civics or French. But the schools went for fingerpainting....

Magnifying what already exists. Making ends meet. It is a prescription for making ice, or perpetual motion, or living nightmares. The Honduran hell that is Allie Fox's last act of invention is only a modest magnification of the commonplace social world he leaves behind in Massachusetts. Allie Fox himself is a magnification, no more, of the inventor who made him, Paul Theroux. If one bass-line runs consistently through *The Mosquito Coast*, it warns that to possess an imagination is to have a very dangerous faculty indeed. It brings one uncomfortably close to being both a god and a madman.

There is another deep satiric irony in the book. In the early days of his colonial venture, Allie Fox is a worker of famous wonders. He makes miracles for the tribesmen—ice, water, fire, explosions, giant vegetables. The locals come to gaze and marvel, much as readers do. Fox gets good reviews. In the argot of the swampland, a name is coined to describe Allie's fabulous inventions. His "experiments" are described as "spearmints"; and the word returns them straight back to the junk and "hideola" from which they were intended to be a triumphant escape. That is a fate that's known as well by novelists as by inventors. Never, though, mistake *The Mosquito Coast* for a gum wrapper. You could light a city with it, and make ice too. ■

An Affectionate Portrait of Clare Luce

Clare Boothe Luce
by Wilfrid Sheed, E.P. Dutton, 189 pp., $14.50

Reviewed by John Kenneth Galbraith

A YEAR OR so ago I served on the Pulitzer Prize jury to render judgment on the best in biography and autobiography. I was warned at the time that I should be reticent about this duty and honor lest I be subject to improper influence. In fact, I whispered it around a bit, for I was rather anxious to see what improper influence was like and how well I would resist it. Alas, there was none; doubtless if there had been, I would have put the money away in an old office safe and forgotten about it.

I tell of this experience less to celebrate my exposure to risk than to qualify myself on this branch of literature. During that year I read, or in any case tolerated, some 70 or 80 volumes of first- or second-person study, introspection, and assorted denigration and enhancement. The art

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Clare Boothe Luce with Henry in 1953: "A lifelong craving to be thought clever."

form, I discovered, as others must have sensed, divides into three classes. There are those biographies and autobiographies that owe their interest to the subject, to the treatment of some person of genuine importance or appeal. And there are those that owe their quality to their scholarship, including the intensity of the research and the depth of the perception. The third class consists of those works of no interest of any kind. A fair number of biographies of the several classes, I found, are written by assistant professors of English, American studies, or history; the authors are using their subjects as a kind of gatepost which they mount to win academic and other attention. No one can be entirely overlooked if he is the house authority on Hawthorne, Emerson, or even Millard Fillmore.

All of this background is necessary for an appreciation of Wilfrid Sheed's book on Clare Luce. It belongs to none of the classes just mentioned. It depends for its interest, which is not slight, on the quality of the writing. This ranges between good and superb.

In her time Clare Luce—playwright, politician, war correspondent, Catholic, ambassador to Italy, and wife of Henry Robinson Luce—was, after Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the most discussed woman in American public life, most of the discussion being adverse. More than Mrs. Roosevelt, as Mr. Sheed correctly says, she made it on her own. To be married to Franklin D. Roosevelt was to receive an enormous step up in the world; it is Mr. Sheed's unexpressed but unmistakable view that to be the wife of Harry Luce was, for Clare, a considerable step down.

But all this was in her time. A few years ago I called the offices of Time Inc. to get the current address and phone number of Gilbert Burck, a diverse, accomplished, and greatly amusing editor of *Fortune*, just retired. Information, or something of the sort with which I was connected, had never heard of him. In a burst of inspiration I asked about Henry Luce.

"Does he work here? We don't seem to have any record on him either."

This is the fate of those who are greatly involved with current affairs. They fade from mind along with the affairs which were their preoccupation. So with Clare Luce; her attacks on Roosevelt and his foreign policy, her wartime dispatches from Italy and the Far East, her thought (after winning Senate approval as ambassador to Brazil) that Senator Wayne Morse, who had opposed her, was suffering the residual effects from being kicked in the head by a horse were wonderful at the time. But they did not last.

But neither does Sheed claim attention for the depth of his research or scholarship. As he comes close to conceding, any serious involvement with letters, manuscripts, contemporaries, or even tapes of his conversations was too boring. So, for avoiding my third class, there is only the writing. This is sensitive, resourceful, rich in imagery, ingeniously expiatory and forgiving, and consistently amusing. It is also affectionate without being cloying.

The affection derives from the late 1940s when—for reasons that are not clear—the author spent a summer with the Luces in Connecticut. He there developed a somewhat qualified distaste for Harry Luce, an unqualified dislike for the business achievers (bores and cliché artists) on whom, along with magazine acolytes, the Luces relied for company, and a very great love for Clare. In later years he watched her passage into Congress, as a fellow Catholic into the Church, and her services as a war correspondent, where she developed a disastrous case of occupational commitment to generals, the military mystique, and the apocalyptic view. Then on to her life as an ambassador, the last years with Luce, and finally to what, one judges, is a fairly reluctant retirement. Sheed went back to the house in Hawaii to which she has retired—"a fur-lined rut"—for the material that completes this book. Now in her mature 70s, her eyesight very dim, she has, it is plain, lost none of her effectively crafted expression verging nicely into malice and, on occasion, into venom. Reading these latter pages, I could not but think of her as exactly the woman I had first known, though certainly not well, just under 40 years ago.

If Sheed's book could be said to have a thesis, a thought he might resist, it is that Clare Boothe Luce suffered the natural consequences of her premature assertion of women's rights. She was condemned not for her views but, as a woman, for asserting them. She was also suspect as a wife of using Harry Luce as her instrument, a view that was strong among people in the Luce organization. (She here refers to them as "Harry's little boys.") And all was made worse because she was taken up and echoed by a mindless right-wing clique with whose public attitudes she became inextricably associated. As Sheed writes:

John Kenneth Galbraith's latest book is *A Life in Our Times: Memoirs.*

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Politics, it goes without saying, was an extension of theater to Clare, and as usual there are not too many parts open to women. Her choice of Witty Hit Woman was the most entertaining she could have chosen—as opposed, say, to Margaret Chase Smith's Rock of Integrity. Unfortunately, gibing at Roosevelt brought her not only enemies but friends: in this case, a jeering rancorous gallery, along with a few sensibles, which attached itself to Clare in the forties and has never really let go. They are a dismally easy crowd to play to, roaring at everything halfway nasty, whatever its quality. But an audience is an audience and a trouper must work.

Any man of Clare Luce's views and manners would certainly have attracted less attention than she did. But to make his case that so much depended on her sex, Sheed must find a way of forgiving positions that he finds wrong and on occasion bizarre. In doing so, he leans so far over backward that one thinks of the heavy bruises on the back of his head. It would have been a very much better book if he had been more willing to say that Clare was, by his standards, simply wrong. There is nothing remarkable about that, especially as he cannot do much with her later foreign policy views, some of which seem to have been thought dangerous by Edward Teller.

Sheed does not think that Clare had much influence on Henry Luce—he finds the notion that he was somehow her instrument ridiculous. This seems to me right. Luce was always far too busy with his own thoughts to allow anyone else to intrude in any serious and continuing way. Sheed does not, however, do Harry Luce justice. He gets more pleasure in citing than in rebutting Evelyn Waugh's famous judgment—wrong as to both manners and intelligence—that Luce was "handsome, well-mannered, well-dressed, densely stupid." Luce was, in many ways, a limited man, open to ideas but with no consistent and plausible framework on which to hang them. He was, however, a superb editor and an extremely shrewd and knowledgeable student of the publishing business, with a nearly infallible instinct for what the average American would wish to know and read—partly because that wish so closely resembled his own. None of this really comes through in the book.

I do not wish to leave the impression that this book is a smother job, concerned to cover up all the subject's numerous derelictions. In the concluding pages the author says that "Clare did have one besetting weakness—a lifelong craving to be thought clever—that is guaranteed to undo one occasionally." And he makes adverse mention of her "vociferously right-wing" views, notably on foreign policy. It does occur to me that a besetting desire to seem clever would condemn a large share of our literate population.

The important thing is the pleasure in reading the book. Whatever Clare Luce's errors, she was wise enough to confide her life not to someone who agreed with her but to someone who could write so well. ■

The Complex Magic of Cynthia Ozick

Levitation: Five Fictions
by Cynthia Ozick, Alfred A. Knopf, 158 pp., $11.50

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS ABOUT writing fiction can lead to overindulgent prose and the substitution of egoism for ideas. Cynthia Ozick is the most self-conscious writer I know of. Yet she steadfastly shuns overindulgence of any sort, and instead does what too few contemporary fiction writers do on a regular basis—think. Ozick is obsessed with the words she puts on paper, with what it means to imagine a story and to tell it, with what fiction is. The result is a body of work at once as rich as Grace Paley's stories, as deeply rooted in Jewish folklore as Isaac Bashevis Singer's tales, as comically ironic as Franz Kafka's nightmares.

In her last book of short fiction, Ozick went so far in her self-consciousness to include a preface in which she contemplates her writing. She believes that a story "ought to judge and interpret the world." It

must not merely *be*, but mean.

Otherwise, what happens...is only incident, not event. Incident is that inch of braid, the optic nerve. Event is the optic nerve's untangling report to the brain, djinn of wiliness and joy and judgment and lamentation.

She debates what fiction should strive to embrace: "incident versus event; experience versus consequence; deed versus outcome; feeling versus connecting; seeing versus seeing-into...." These tensions are ever-present for Ozick.

A perfectionist, she has written just one novel, *Trust*, and three collections of short works: *The Pagan Rabbi and Other Stories*, *Bloodshed and Three Novellas*, and now *Levitation: Five Fictions*. Yet she is one of the best. Because she deals with ideas—many of them steeped in Jewish law and history—her stories are "difficult." But by difficult I mean only that they are not in the least bit fluffy. No word, emotion, or idea is wasted. They are weighty, consequential tales, lightened and at the same time heightened by their visionary aspects.

Ozick writes magically about magical events. But she distrusts sorcery, the stock in trade of fiction writing. This irony gives her work a thought-provoking dialectical quality. Her stories are elusive, mysterious, and disturbing. They shimmer with intelligence, they glory in language, and they puzzle.

In the title story, two writers, husband and wife, seemingly live a serene existence, sharing "premises." Even has published a novel. They think of themselves as "literary friends and lovers, like George Eliot and George Henry Lewes." Yet they realize—but can't accept—that they are "secondary-level" people, with secondary-level friends, "not the fiercely cold-hearted literary critics, but those wan and chattering daily reviewers of film." "If they knew a playwright," Ozick writes, "he was off-off-Broadway in ambition and had not yet been produced."

To a party they invite Philip Roth, Norman Mailer, William Styron, and other guiding lights of literature. None shows up. Husband and wife are resentful. The husband—bitterly obsessed by the atrocities committed against the Jews throughout history—joins with some fellow Jews to begin a trance-like discussion of the Holocaust. From the sidelines, the wife, a convert to Judaism, observes the room rising into the air, carrying the "real" Jews away from her. She "decides it is possible to become jaded by atrocity. She

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

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is bored by the shootings and the gas and the camps, she is not ashamed to admit this." She is bitter because she does not share "the glory of their martyrdom." Both husband and wife avoid confronting the palpable bitterness of their unfulfilled lives. And it is bitterness that they share, and bitterness that separates them.

In "Puttermesser: Her Work History, Her Ancestry, Her Afterlife," we first meet Ruth Puttermesser—34, an unmarried lawyer, something of a feminist—while she is living in her family's apartment in the Bronx. Her parents have fled to Florida ("Why don't you write we didn't hear from you too long busy is busy but parents are parents," her mother writes). Ruth is assistant corporation counsel in New

Cynthia Ozick: Glory in language.

York's Department of Receipts and Disbursements, "not quite a civil servant and not quite *not* a civil servant—one of those amphibious creatures hanging between base contempt and bare decency." She dreams of an Eden where she eats fudge and reads "Non-Fiction into eternity; and there is still time for Fiction!" Twice a week she visits Uncle Zindel the Stingy for Hebrew lessons. Ozick intrudes to note that Zindel died before Puttermesser was born. "But Puttermesser must claim an ancestor," writes Ozick. "She demands connection—surely a Jew must own a past." Her illusion provides her with a history, in effect, creates her. And Ozick warns us not to examine her "as an artifact but as an essence."

The heroine of "Shots" became interested in photography when she was a girl and found an old brown snapshot of a young woman. Of the key "shots" in this story, one, from a terrorist's gun, kills a translator at a seminar where the photographer is "shooting" the participants, one of whom is the object of her infatuation. Like all of Ozick's characters, the heroine is obsessed—with the "Brown Girl" in the old picture, with photography, with her never-to-be lover and his perfect wife. She refers to her camera as "my ambassador of desire, my secret house with its single shutter, my chaste aperture, my dead infant, husband of my bosom." And in a superbly orchestrated denouement, it is her camera—her shooting a photograph of the perfect couple—that saves her from becoming fixed in time like the "Brown Girl."

"From a Refugee's Notebook" is really two stories, supposed fragments found behind a mirror in a vacant room-for-rent on New York's Upper West Side.

The first, "Freud's Room," is a kind of anthropological analysis of Freud based on the furnishings with which he surrounded himself. What appears to be "Victorian clutter" in photographs of Freud's rooms is something else. His "ancient stone animals and carved figurines" are "strange little gods." Freud wished to become a god, the refugee concludes. Like God—whose Sabbath is an "arbitrary call to make a stop in the diurnal rhythms, to move consciously apart from the natural progression of days"—Freud disrupted nature, "peopled the Unconscious with the devils of Id and Ego and Superego, potent dancing ghosts who cavort unrecorded in our anatomies while we pretend they are not there." He "imposed on all our surface coherencies a Sabbath of the soul." The refugee's second fragment, "The Sewing Harems," is a marvelous parable about motherhood and civilization.

"Puttermesser and Xanthippe," the longest of the five fictions, is an almost perfect novella. Ozick's character, Puttermesser, now 46, is still single. She is still working for the city government, and she's having an affair with a married man from Toronto. She suffers from periodontal disease (recall the dream about eating fudge in paradise). Her parents' Bronx apartment has been torched by arsonists; Puttermesser has relocated to Manhattan's Upper East Side. When the mayor ousts her boss, political appointees take over. And "in their presence the work instantly held its breath and came to a halt as if it were a horse reined in for examination." Patronage is in; Puttermesser is out; the city is falling apart.

Puttermesser, pushed beyond fantasy, creates a golem—an artificial creature of cabalist lore—out of the earth in her potted plants. When Puttermesser is fired, the golem, who insists on being called Xanthippe after Socrates's shrewish wife, gets her elected mayor of New York.

Under Puttermesser's rule, the city is transformed: Gangs of youths invade the subway yards and wash the cars; lost wallets are returned; muggers form dancing troupes, traffic grids unlock; out-of-work corrections officers take gardening jobs; litter vanishes; New York extends interest-free loans to the federal government.

Again Ozick returns to the theme of creation that runs through her stories:

> Puttermesser made Xanthippe; Xanthippe did not exist before Puttermesser made her: that much is clear enough. But Xanthippe made Puttermesser Mayor, and Mayor Puttermesser too did not exist before. And that is just as clear. Puttermesser sees that she is the golem's golem.

Golems turn on their makers. Xanthippe, who like all golems has not stopped growing, discovers sex, becomes insatiable, and thereby, in hilarious fashion, destroys Puttermesser's administration. Puttermesser—disgraced, unmade—unmakes Xanthippe. New York is delivered back unto chaos.

Like Ozick, Puttermesser is an intelligent rationalist. Puttermesser makes a golem; Ozick makes up stories. Ozick equates the magic in her stories with the magical process of writing fiction. So writing about rooms levitating and golems becomes writing about writing, about making magic. For Ozick, fiction *is* magic. ■

Fiction Briefs

Beyond the Pale and Other Stories
by William Trevor
The Viking Press, 256 pp., $12.95

THE BEST STORIES have a quality of fatedness. And William Trevor, in this latest collection, goes the traditional route by anchoring fate in character: "fate... began with the kind of person you were. Out of that, the circumstances of your life emerged." So Trevor gives us character first, and then the situation

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that will prove or debunk it. The debunking stories are reminiscent of Maugham, turning on deep hidden secrets that when revealed are supposed to shock—but don't. There's the woman with "bedroom eyes" who turns out to have no sex life whatsoever, or the girl who lives for Sundays with her father until she begins to doubt his paternity.

It's hard to believe these stories were written today. Trevor writes of the end of an affair or a schoolgirl's crush as if no one had stalked this territory before. There are suggestive insights, but even the story of a woman losing her beloved adopted daughter left me unmoved. The situations are as trite as the phrase "still as a statue" that cropped up in a description.

Trevor has the gift of never overreaching his grasp. And though that grasp always contains its share of fine psychological detail, it's hard not to become impatient and wish that he would reach further. In writing about such limited lives, Trevor may unnecessarily limit himself. The stories are models of craft, but read like exercises. When the characters' fates are finally tossed, one sees all too plainly that the dice were loaded.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

Braided Lives
by Marge Piercy
Summit Books, 480 pp., $14.95

GROWING UP in Detroit provided the grist for Marge Piercy's highly charged poetry, her feisty, class-conscious fiction, her ardent and eloquent feminism. *Braided Lives* returns her to her home turf in the frankly autobiographical story of a tough cookie's coming of age during the 1950s. Jill Stuart's 1950s—adolescence in Detroit's slums, turbulent scholarship years at the University of Michigan, the bohemian life in New York—are not those of bobby socks and drugstore soda dates. They are a decade in which sex mattered obsessively and secretively, in which politics meant flirting with Communism and civil rights, and in which Piercy's characters started to take their egocentricities to "shrinks."

The group of friends Piercy creates are almost terminally grown-up—not the same as being mature. She doesn't differentiate between her older self and those younger years. There is an undisciplined intensity to this novel that makes for claustrophobic dullness. Occasional sentences of quiet beauty, reminders of Piercy the poet, get buried. Even the fondness for the mystical and occult, which enlivens much of Piercy's work, is mostly absent. None of this is helped by the close resemblance between the book's interwoven lives and Piercy's own. The necessary distance between author and novel is missing from *Braided Lives*, and the expectant reader is rebuffed.

—CELIA BETSKY

The Rebel Angels
by Robertson Davies
The Viking Press, 326 pp., $13.95

ROBERTSON DAVIES, usually labeled Canada's leading man of letters, is an urbane, eclectic explicator of the Jungian idea that genuine wisdom requires acknowledgment of and reconciliation with our primitive atavistic origins. This idea informs Davies's celebrated *Fifth Business* (which was extended into his "Deptford trilogy") and also this new novel, a rather clotted tale of conflicting priorities and obsessions at a Toronto university.

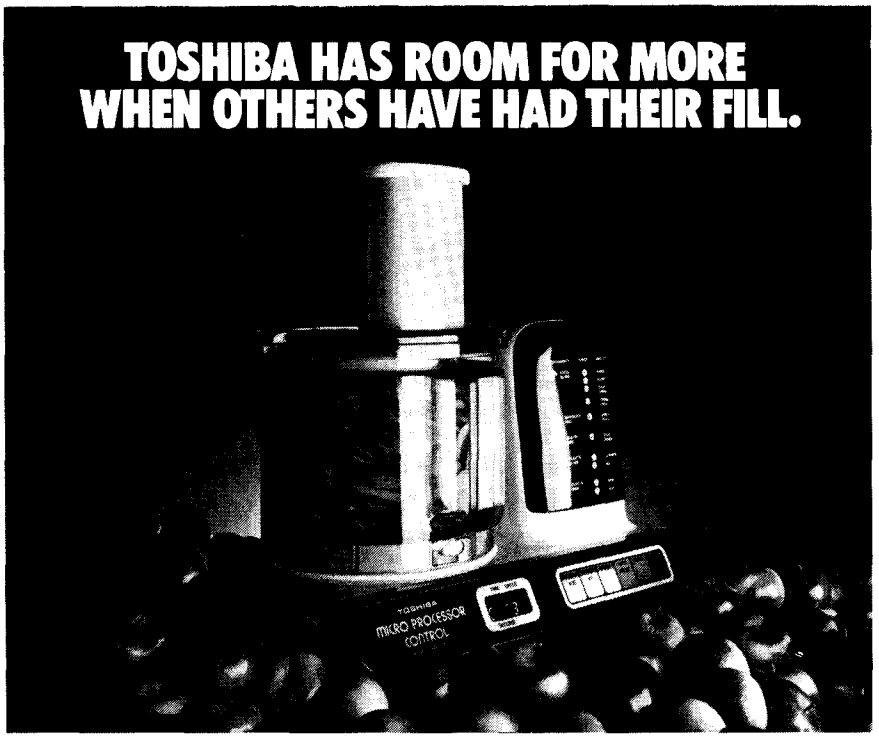
Davies's incisive, lively prose and flair for witty dialogue breathe quick comic life into a gaggle of embattled knowledge-seekers: an abstracted "paleo-psychologist"; a Renaissance humanist devoted to pornography; a defrocked monk turned skeptic, then novelist; a scholar-priest at odds with his own goodness. A woman student, Maria Magdalena Theotoky—"a modern girl in the New World" nevertheless pinioned by her Polish-Hungarian gypsy origins—variously enriches and disrupts the other characters' lives. Her admirers "worship" her as "the female personification of Wisdom."

The plot fizzles when a climactic murder-suicide must demonstrate the limits Nature imposes on "rebel angels" (who, like their Apocryphal prototypes, would steal knowledge from God and give it to men). If this were a less scrupulously intelligent novel, it would surely be a more readable one.

—BRUCE ALLEN

Taking Care
by Joy Williams
Random House, 246 pp., $12.50

JOY WILLIAMS'S characters suffer from industrial-strength despair. In this first collection of stories by the much-heralded young novelist of *State of Grace* and *The Changeling*, the heroines are generally on their second marriage and



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third cocktail. "Nameless" fear and anxieties paralyze these women: Every house they inhabit is a bleak house. Listless, thirtyish, and usually Southern, they drink too much for their own good and dream too vividly for their peace of mind. Williams's women are the younger sisters of Joan Didion's melancholy matrons.

In the most successful of these 17 stories, Williams leavens her bleak vision with black humor. In "The Farm," a drunken women accidentally runs over a 15-year-old whose mother then wants to become her friend. During the course of one morning, the heroine of "Breakfast" must brave her mad parents, wandering husband, a seven-year-old bedwetter, an alcoholic ladies' man, and a meal at a Mennonite restaurant where there are inspirational messages on the bottoms of the pie pans.

Unfortunately, in the less effective stories, the sterility of these lives is matched by stale prose. Williams sometimes relies on an unbecoming shorthand for her pathos: "...the recognition that her life and her long, angry journey through it, had been wasteful and deceptive and unnecessary, hit her like a board being smacked against her heart." When Williams's prose descends to this level, she inadvertently endorses an ironic observation made by one of these characters: "Imagination isn't what it's cracked up to be." This is an unsettling, uneven collection.

—SCOT HALLER

Mexico Bay
by Paul Horgan
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
240 pp., $12.95

JUST AS PAUL HORGAN fans were beginning to wonder if *The Thin Mountain Air* (1977) was to be the last of the septuagenarian's 40 or so books, he has written another. Like nearly all his works, *Mexico Bay* is set in the southwestern United States and in upstate New York, a device that enables Horgan to contrast these two opposite corners of the country.

This time Horgan extends the eastern border south to Washington, D.C., where his central characters gravitate to fill various posts during World War II. George Macdonald, a smalltown newspaper tycoon in upstate New York, is the embodiment of paternal wisdom, with a dash of skepticism that makes him a likable fellow. His daughter Diana is the joy of his life until she disobediently marries Jack Wentworth, an overly fastidious, famous playwright. Their marriage becomes drier by the year until the appearance of a young artist, Ben Ives, Jack's physical and temperamental antithesis. Ben's animal magnetism tugs at both Diana and Jack, and eventually sweeps Diana away from her rigid marriage to a life in a shack on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. Howard Debler, an historian, saves the day, and turns out to be the "right" man for Diana—at last.

Mexico Bay provides pleasant diversion without requiring much thought. Horgan tells a good story. His silky prose reveals intimate knowledge of the land, and he draws distinctive characters. There is one major flaw: Diana has no personality beyond her grace and good looks. Her life consists of reacting to the four males who surround her, making her the only dull spot in an otherwise entertaining tale.

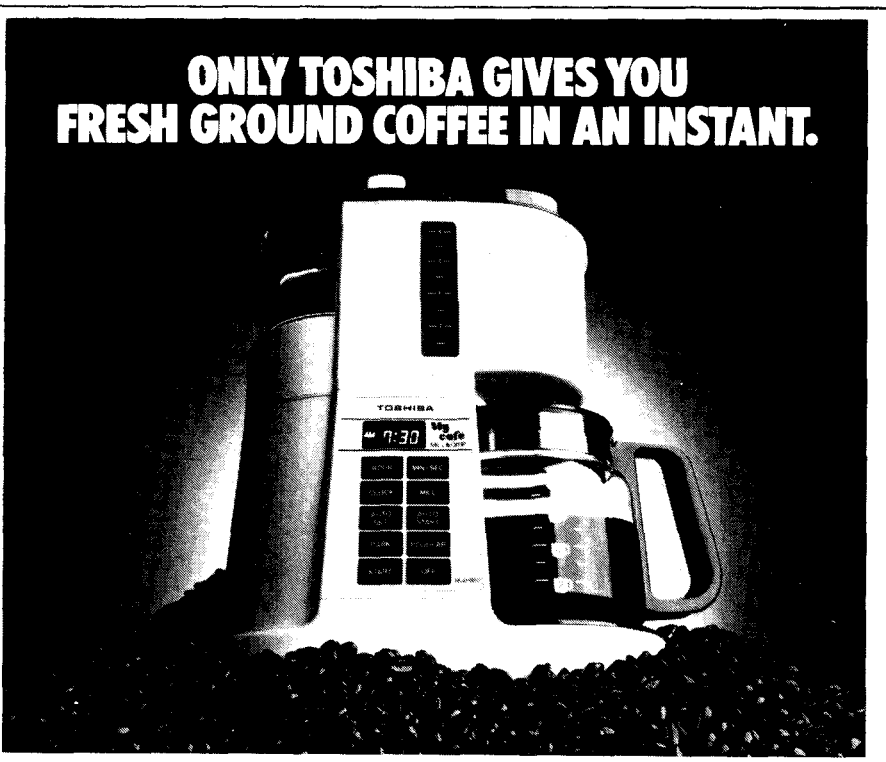
—KAREN TENNEY

Exotic
by Albert Haley
E. P. Dutton, 352 pp., $14.50

EXOTIC IS Albert Haley's first novel. It is about growing up and learning what is of value in life. The process begins happily enough at Yale, where tall, awkward Butch Miller comes under the thrall of handsome, nimble Tom Tresh. After college, Butch marries a lovely, clear-sighted Smith girl. With her, he visits a tiny Central American country on the brink of revolution. And the earlier calm turns to chaos.

During a brutal uprising, Butch falls again under Tresh's spell and abandons his splendid wife. After much spilled blood, Butch learns what his wife always knew—that living life, the way Tom Tresh does, to prove that one has "guts and a sense of adventure," is folly, and "if you're not happy, nothing else matters."

These are fine lessons to learn, yet the nightmare revolution out of which they are supposed to come seems inappropriate and implausible. The domestic tranquility at the end of the novel hardly seems attached to, no less to have grown out of, the long grotesque series of battles and betrayals in the middle. Assuming that Haley's story is about relinquishing youthful impressionism for mature judgment, one wonders why he chose to tell it amidst guerrillas and guns. The two strands do not intertwine, and the result



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is disappointing.

—BARBARA F. WILLIAMSON

A Green Desire
by Anton Myrer
G.P. Putnam's Sons, 511 pp., $14.95

ANTON MYRER, author of the best-selling *The Last Convertible*, writes as if he learned about people by reading second-rate novels. Each character in *A Green Desire* is assigned a vague set of gestures and thoughts that have very little in common with the ways in which real people act and think. Although the characters come from varied backgrounds, they all sound alike. The sex scenes stand out as especially inept.

Two brothers, Tip and Chapin, must decide whether to go away with their rich aunt or stay with their poor, deserted mother. Chapin goes, Tip stays. Tip turns out to be honest and hard working, Chay a well-groomed weasel. They make their fortunes in the stock market, but the brothers are so loosely drawn that we can't be sure how their youthful ideas become corrupted. The story takes them through the 1929 crash, the Depression, and, finally, to new wealth. Naturally, they both love the same woman. As the ad copy will probably say, "It was a love that destroyed them all." And as it will undoubtedly neglect to say, "A more boring book is hard to come by."

—LAURIE WINER

Nonfiction Briefs

Flaws in the Glass: A Self-Portrait
by Patrick White
The Viking Press, 260 pp., $13.95

FULLY AS UNCONVENTIONAL as his crowded and complex novels, this disarmingly informal autobiography by the Australian Nobel Prize-winner (1973) manages, despite its haphazard structure, to establish clear connections between Patrick White's life and his writings. There are episodic accounts of his youth in England, wartime service in Europe and North Africa, and postwar return to Australia—all disclosing how a "green, sickly boy, who saw and knew too much" grew into the artist fated to be "a stranger in my own country, even in my own family."

Vivid sketches of relatives, mentors, and lovers argue that White's homosexuality fueled the "search for a twin" that recurs in his novels. The sketches also demonstrate, unequivocally, that his fictional characters are deliberate exploratory projections of White himself, or of people he has known. The prose is crabbed and packed (though less opaque than in his more strident books). And the self-assessments are debatable: White underrates the novel that I think is his finest, *A Fringe of Leaves*. Yet its determined candor makes this bold self-characterization (it's anything but a "confession") unusually attractive. It is a revealing portrayal of a major writer and a valuable aid to the understanding and appreciation of his work.

—BRUCE ALLEN

The Vineyard of Liberty
by James MacGregor Burns
Alfred A. Knopf, 703 pp., $22.95

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, the Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Franklin Roosevelt, takes more than 700 pages to trace the course of the Republic from its founding to 1863. Two more volumes will follow. But his instinct for the telling quote and the lively vignette makes this history enthralling as well as edifying.

The pleasure comes in part from Burns's pervasive concept of leadership, which allows him to write almost as though history were a set of linked biographies. There are, says Burns, three cadres of leaders in America: the superstars like Jefferson and John Adams, the Congressional journeymen, and countless local leaders. As long as there is free intercourse among these three groups, all is right with the nation. Tracing that interaction makes for some lovely juxtapositions. The housewife and agrarian writer Mercy Warren, for example, appears beside James Madison; and Daniel Webster, seen through the eyes of Emerson, butts up against the man who invented the Concord grape. Whole chapters group leading farmers, merchants, workers.

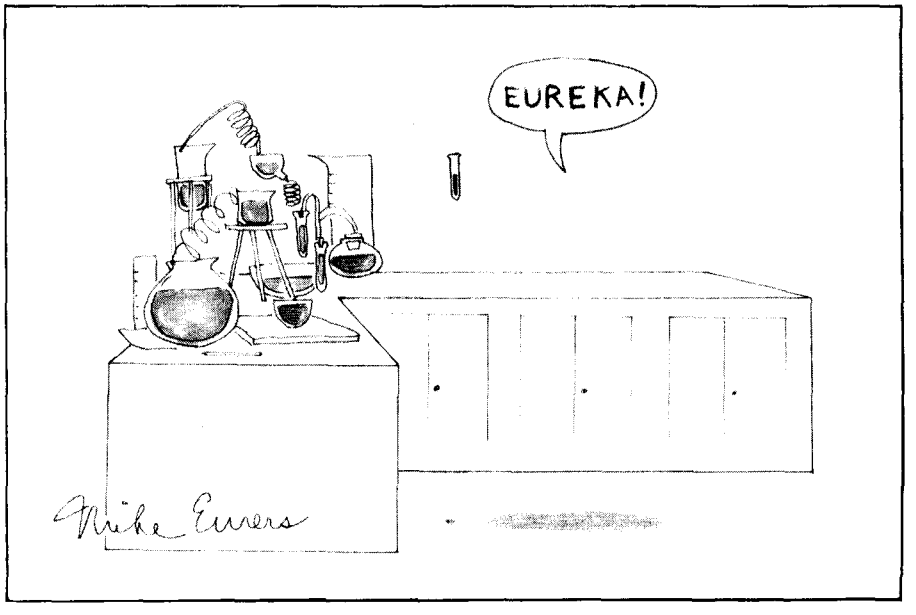
But where Burns's writerly instincts delight, his ideological baggage can be maddening. A good liberal, he believes that a strong federal government is the best guarantee of liberty. His forced conclusions can sound like Alexander Haig, as when he prefers the Constitution to states' rights because the "Framers calculated in terms of a multi-dimensional set of ends and means." He is better off when he lets history do the talking.

—WILLIAM B. LOGAN

Witness to Power: The Nixon Years
by John Ehrlichman
Simon & Schuster, 417 pp., $15.95

JOHN EHRLICHMAN has a "subtle mind and loved intrigue," H.R. Haldeman observed in his memoirs. Now Ehrlichman has written his own memoir and shows himself as astute and oblique as Haldeman thought.

Witness to Power is unlike most other apologies for the Nixon administration and Watergate. Although he has been dubbed Nixon's domestic Kissinger, Ehrlichman—unlike either Nixon or Kissinger in their books—presents only a superficial discussion of the development of national policy. And although Ehrlichman went to prison for Watergate-related crimes, only a small portion of this book speaks directly to the



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scandal.

Ehrlichman devotes most of his space to portraying the people around the administration—from Chief Justice Warren Burger to Kissinger. And he unobtrusively implies many damning things about many people. Ehrlichman suggests, for example, that Kissinger was subject to almost manic-depressive swings of mood.

Recent newspaper headlines have trumpeted Ehrlichman's inferences and suggestions. Such headlines will undoubtedly spur sales and embarrass several people—including Kissinger toward whom Ehrlichman continues, apparently, to hold a grudge. One suspects that the wily Ehrlichman intended it that way.

Ehrlichman is an entertaining writer and offers useful insights. However, the book should be approached with circumspection. Its author has left the reader many signs that he indeed not only loves subtle intrigue but continues to practice it.

—CLARK S. JUDGE

Writers and Friends
by Edward Weeks
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 313 pp., $15.95

IF EDWARD WEEKS had ever been selected for *This Is Your Life*, the parade across the stage would have included Somerset Maugham, Vladimir Nabokov, Walter Lippmann, Archibald MacLeish, John Masefield, and Thornton Wilder—a *Who's Who* of 20th-century writing. Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1938 until 1974, Weeks has written a second memoir. (His first, *My Green Age*, was published in 1974.) So many of his writers and friends are mentioned that the reminiscence verges on becoming a list of famous authors, interspersed with passages from their work.

Still, there is much that is interesting—especially Weeks's recollections of the unknowns he brought to the magazine: Edith and Osbert Sitwell, Ved Mehta, Dylan Thomas, and even Joseph Wambaugh. Best are Weeks's recollections of his close friend Walter Lippmann. Here Weeks writes his clearest and strongest prose about the political and intellectual pulse of the country during World War II and about how he steered the *Atlantic* through those years.

During his tenure, Weeks nurtured and cajoled some of this century's great writers, and—equally important—he spurred Samuel Eliot Morison, Francis Henry Taylor, and Lippmann on to write books they would not otherwise have attempted.

—SUSAN K. REED

The Structures of Everyday Life: The Limits of the Possible
by Fernand Braudel
Harper & Row, 624 pp., $30

IN THIS BOOK, which is volume one of a three-part study called *Civilization and Capitalism: 15th-18th Century*, noted French historian Fernand Braudel examines what he calls the "material civilization" of the pre-industrial world. He argues convincingly that a meaningful understanding of history can be gained from studying how people ate and dressed, where they lived, and how they obtained necessities and luxuries.

Using contemporary travel diaries and anecdotes to illustrate his points, Braudel impresses the reader with "the weight of numbers," employing statistics (though sparingly) as a backdrop for the engaging details that explain society. How grain was grown, how houses were heated, how people and goods were transported, he implies, determined what civilization could achieve.

Though the book covers 300 years of history, it is by no means a superficial tour; neither is it a densely academic work. Braudel succeeds in presenting a thorough picture of how the great trends of history were created by their smallest parts.

—ELIZABETH GROSSMAN

The Imperial Rockefeller: A Biography of Nelson A. Rockefeller
by Joseph E. Persico
Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $16.50

"I ALWAYS took it for granted I'd be President," Nelson Rockefeller once confessed. He had good reason. He was among the nation's wealthiest men. And he was governor of a state that during the first half of this century saw two governors go to the White House and three others become their party's national candidate. Yet he failed to gain even a nomination. "I did not have the singleness of purpose and sufficient ambition to put everything else aside" to pursue the presidency, he explained.

Judging from this work, his assessment was accurate. Rockefeller wanted to be thought to deserve the presidency. He believed that by engaging New York in monumental construction projects and by winning passage of landmark

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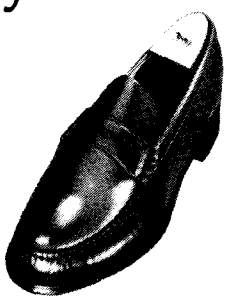

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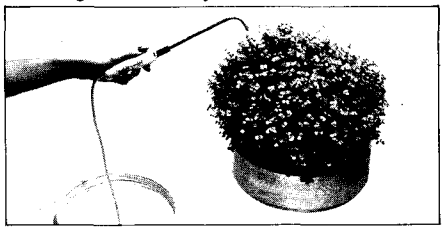

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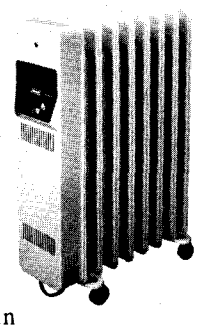

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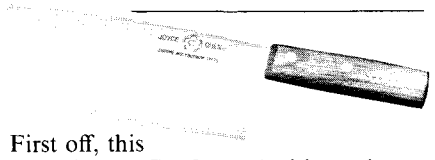
ALL-IN-ONE KNIFE



First off, this is *not* a cleaver. Confronted with any large rectangular blade, the American reflex is to call it a cleaver. But this is a Chinese knife—an implement so sophisticated and versatile that it is the *only* knife to be found in most Chinese kitchens. The knife's weight actually does the cutting for you, all you need to do is guide its action. It is the ideal tool for slicing, shredding, mincing or chopping and is so well balanced that it can be wielded in a variety of ways (an illustrated folder shows how) with surprisingly little effort. And the blade is for more than just cutting. The squared-off front edge makes a fine scraper; the thick back of the blade can be used to tenderize meat; the side will crush garlic or ginger. The broad flat shape of the blade encourages its use as a spatula, making it super easy to transfer what you have cut to pot or pan. We are offering an improved version of the traditional Chinese knife made to the exacting specifications of Joyce Chen. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel, which gives you a long-lasting sharp edge that will not stain or rust; the non-slip hardwood handle is riveted to a full tang. (To keep a fine edge on the blade, stroke it occasionally along the bottom of an earthenware mug.) This knife is extraordinarily well-made and costs **$25.00** ($2.95) #A410. After a little practice with it, you will understand how a good Chinese chef can almost keep up with a Cuisinart. And you'll never be tempted to call this superb knife a cleaver again.

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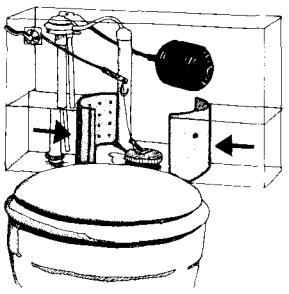
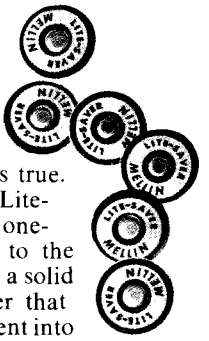
TOILET SANITY

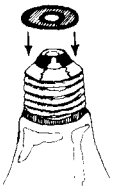


A government study shows that 45% of the water used by the average American family gets flushed down the toilet. That is 90 gal. per day for the family of four. Such extravagance is unconscionable. The conventional flush toilet uses 5 to 8 gal. of clean fresh water each flush, when 2.5 to 3 gal. is sufficient. What can we do about this insanity? Use toilet dams. Putting a dam in the tank saves 1/3 to 1/2 the flush without reducing the toilet's effectiveness. (It doesn't reduce the *pressure* of the flush, just the amount of water used.) Putting dams in all your toilets could cut your overall water use (and bill) up to 20%—a vital savings in the parts of the country now affected by drought and a sensible step for everyone to take. For **$11.00** ($1.95), #A259, we can supply first-quality toilet dam units made of stainless steel and thermoplastic rubber. It comes with a 10-year manufacturer's guarantee. It requires no tools (or special effort) to install and will pay for itself in a matter of months. If you need a good example, we understand the White House toilets have recently been dammed.

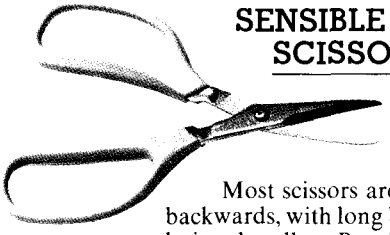
LITE-SAVERS



You may never have to change your light bulbs again! It may sound like magic but it's true. Simply adhere a Mellin Lite-Saver to the base of any one-way bulb and screw it to the socket. The Lite-Saver is a solid state micro chip rectifier that converts alternating current into pulsating direct current. This results in a cooler burning bulb and extends the filament's life up to 100 times! In October of 1966 the U.S. Congress issued a report which concluded that light bulbs, "are not designed to burn long enough. They are improperly designed with respect to optimum economy and convenience in supplying light, as well as being a nuisance and a hazard to the consuming public." Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or about 32 days if used continuously. With the Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours every day. No more climbing ladders or getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way bulb. And just think of the money saved in light bulbs! You'll notice Lite-Savers reduce the bright glare of a normal bulb to a softer, more even glow. It's safe, dependable and installs quickly and easily with any one-way bulb. Since the amount of light is significantly reduced, we recommend increasing the wattage to retain the desired amount of light. The manufacturer offers an eight year warranty. A package of six Mellin Lite-Savers is **$16.00** ($1.95) #A324.

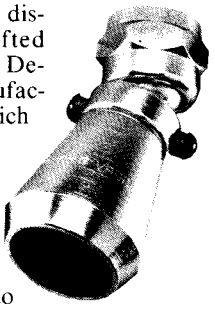


SENSIBLE SCISSORS

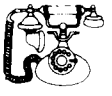


Most scissors are built backwards, with long blades and tiny handles. But if you want to exert leverage, you need large hand grips (so more of your hand goes into operating the scissor) and relatively short blades (so you can maintain full cutting pressure along their entire length). Finally a pair of scissors has come along reflecting these basic physical facts. The large flexible plastic handles accommodate most of your hand and fit a right or lefthanded person equally well. The blades are made of high carbon tool steel (for sharpness and strength) and are chrome finished (for protection from staining). These scissor blades are so sharp that they bite right into whatever you are cutting. They are marketed primarily as gourmet kitchenware and they are superb in that role. The tapered points let you get into small places cutting chicken, fish, lobster shells, small bones and so forth. Furthermore, you always have a firm grip, since wet or greasy hands will not slip out of the plastic grips. But these scissors are much too sensible and flexible to be confined to the kitchen. They are equally at home in the workshop, garden, office or hobby center where they cut rubber, plastic, cloth and other materials. The scissors have such high leverage that they are especially helpful to anyone with arthritis. We can supply these Joyce Chen scissors for **$13.00** ($1.95) #A411.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



Tools For Living has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver manufactured by Con-Serv, which cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—most of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Con-Serv designed the new Deluxe Fuel Saver without compromising comfort or high quality. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. It delivers a comfortable yet forceful spray—forceful enough to quickly rinse shampoo suds out of a long mane of hair. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower head arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.



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BOOKS

social legislation he would demonstrate his fitness for the job. Not for him were years of laboriously fashioning a national political base. He wanted to overwhelm the country, as he had overwhelmed his state, with his vigor, vision, and vast resources. His was a peculiarly apolitical concept of the nation's highest political post.

Joseph E. Persico worked for 11 years as Rockefeller's principal speech writer. *The Imperial Rockefeller* has the quality of fireside reminiscences of brave days past. The reader finishes it feeling that he knows with some intimacy a central, towering figure.

—CLARK S. JUDGE

The Truants:
Adventures Among the Intellectuals
by William Barrett
Anchor Press/Doubleday
360 pp., $15.95

ALTHOUGH THIS extraordinary memoir extends from the late 1930s to the present, it centers around the six or seven years after World War II when William Barrett served as an editor of *Partisan Review*. It was a time of marvelous ferment, and Barrett chronicles all of it. He knew the people who made the times flower—Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy, Sartre and de Beauvoir, Jackson Pollock, Lionel Trilling. And he was, and is, exquisitely sensitive to the meanings of the intellectual currents and eddies of the period.

There's a lot of gossip here. But mostly Barrett provides a real sense of the era's excitement and hope, disappointments and failures (including those of the *Partisan Review*). And his critical sense is razor sharp.

But there is enigma here. *The Truants* is first and foremost a polemic against the Soviet Union and against those who, since Stalin's time, have been Soviet apologists. (The *Partisan Review*'s editors were Marxist and anti-Stalinist, and therefore anti-Soviet.) It is at times an idiosyncratic, curmudgeonly polemic; and the reader wonders whether—just as the aging Auden revised some of his political poems—Barrett has not revised some fine points of historical memory for the sake of reconciling current views with those long held.

Be that as it may, *The Truants* is an important and controversial record of a special time in America's intellectual history.

—CAREY HORWITZ

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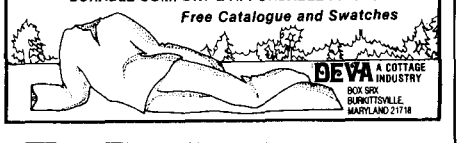

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SR Competition No. 29

On September 1, 1969, a Bank Holiday in Britain, we found ourselves on the Hampstead Heath. Here is a "found poem" that we took down verbatim from a great tattered banner over a booth where the proprietor offered his clients a chance to knock coconuts from their pedestals by throwing balls at them:

W. BRYANT
THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND
THROWING SALOON
BALLS BALLS FRESH NUTS
EVERYDAY
WE LEAD THE WAY
OTHERS FOLLOW
GOOD SPORT FAIR PLAY
AND CIVILITY OUR MOTTO

We are grateful to Michael Fedor of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, for recalling to our mind the subject of found poetry. Can you discern in the general linguistic rubbish of everyday a poetic something? Kindly include the source. *Saturday Review* will pay each of the best three discerners $25 for their efforts.

Entries for Competition No. 29 must be received by February 26 and the winners will be announced in the May issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 29, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 26

The competition before this one drew so many submissions that we had to conscript our whole family just to open the envelopes. We alone managed to open the paltry number of entries received this time—six of them from one contestant—with no more impediment than our scalding tears of disappointment. When we come to write our memoirs, the *SR* competition is sure to be the most baffling episode in an otherwise placidly comprehensible life.

Well, the challenge that attracted this avalanche of merriment called for you to parody the matter that fills the typical alumni magazine. We were charmed, as always, by the contestants who evidently find reality much more of a gas than made-up stuff. Thus James H. Yocum, of Reading, Pennsylvania, sent us, on three crowded foolscap pages, his *actual presidential address* to the alumni association of the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, New York. And a very pretty speech it was, too, though a tad long for our space and altogether too real. Another literalist of the imagination is Benjamin Urrutia, of Albany, New York, whose actual *curriculum vitae* at least *reads* like fiction. A 1972 graduate in anthropology, he then loitered around various California campuses for two years before taking off for Israel to learn Hebrew at Kibbutz 'Ein ha-Shofet, followed by a two-year stint in the Israeli army, where he rose to the rank of gunner first class and fought in the Battle of Aishiya. The next year, logically enough, he was teaching English in Ecuador, whence he inevitably proceeded to become a full-time preacher of the Gospel in Newark, Jersey City, the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens for a mission of the Latter-Day Saints. He spent last year improving the English of Ecuadorians again and has now returned to the graduate study of anthropology at SUNY Albany. We send our felicitations to all the zany people who inhabit the skin of Ben Urrutia. But no cigar.

Cigars around here go to fantasy. First prize, then, to Bromton Petty, of Phoenix, Arizona, who submits these Class Notes for the Class of 1972.:

Our loyal classmate *Bill "Preacher" Mott*, who returned from his labors in the foreign mission field long enough to attend our Fiftieth in 1977, wishes at long last to unburden himself of a painful experience connected with that otherwise joyful occasion. His letter read in part: "...Unaccompanied for the first time by my dear Flossie, I was naturally lonely and responded gladly to a poster saying GAY DANCE, ALL WELCOME. At age 75 I still consider myself fairly frolicsome if not downright gay, so I went. Imagine my astonishment...."

Enough—we have imagined it. Second prize to more *Class Notes* (class unspecified), from Dante Tampico of No Known Address (the postmark was Montreal—we await instructions for forwarding the prize):

After the sad news of *Fred Probe's* fatal experiment with gasohol martinis, it is a pleasure to report some happier news. *Stan Hope* has started another magazine, his tenth, this one being dedicated to collectors of candy wrappers. *Marcia Dodge* is giving her mind a rest in the U.S. Virgin Islands. *Dr. Stanley Blumberg* has opened a clinic to reestablish normal levels of stress in those who have become dangerously mellow. It is called "Non est." *Williard Moth's* doctoral thesis, "The Cucumber Sandwich in Myth, Song, and Story" has finally found a publisher; Zabar's Delicatessen, which plans to issue it between hard rolls.

Third prize to Dudley Baxter III of Chicago, Illinois, who writes:

To the Dean of Women:
When I visited the college last month, I read in the student newspaper that 12 percent of undergraduate women—roughly 268 women as I calculate it—"were living off campus with a male student to whom they were not married." I am not writing to complain about this situation. I would merely like to know whether that young man could use any help.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 174

NO ICY LYRIC TV PNOIYS, N VNOEZZD ZYESOYL ICEI PNICNO BY ICYSY ZED EO NOGNOQNAZY UXBBYS.

EZAYSI QEBXU

Wit Twister No. 186
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Eternal — — — — — — — — of the errant heart,
Perform for me that — — — — — — — — of grace.
— — — — — — — — the soul that chose to live apart,
Unsure of welcome in Thy perfect place. A.S.

Answers next month

January Answers

Literary Crypt No. 173

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.

Conan Doyle

Wit Twister No. 185

Severer, reverse, reveres, reserve

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 215

(Daphne) Du Maurier: Vanishing Cornwall

Religion, to the Cornish, is bred in the bone... The first settlers.. worshipped.. the fertility goddess who brought life to the world... Beneath them she presided, mysterious and dark, having power over all things inanimate and living.

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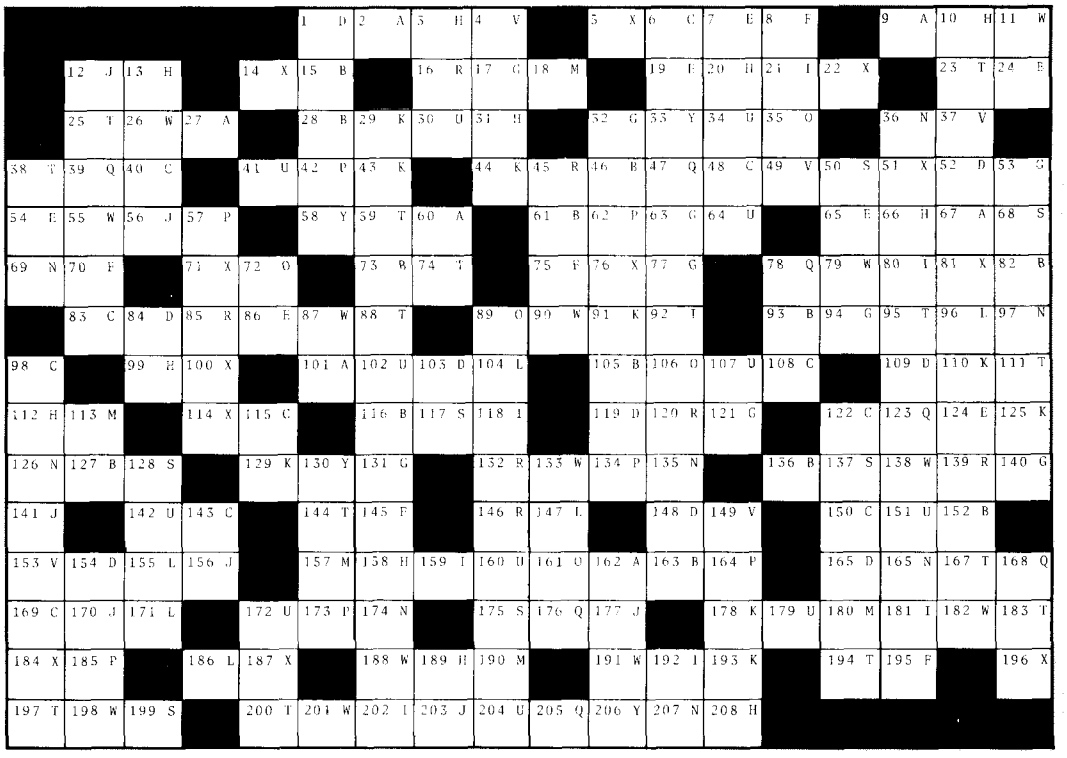
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 216

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fish of the cod family, found in the North Atlantic	2 9 27 60 67 162 101
B. "The sound must be an ____" (4 wds.; Pope, "Essay on Criticism")	105 28 61 73 93 116 127 136 163 15 / 24 46 82 152
C. Cole Porter hit from "Anything Goes" (3 wds.)	115 143 6 40 48 98 108 122 150 83
D. Free scope	84 103 148 154 1 52 109 119 165
E. Harmonious relation	54 65 86 124 145 7 19
F. Addled	70 75 195 8
G. First-magnitude star in the constellation Taurus	17 77 131 140 32 53 63 94 121
H. Uninterested, cool (comp.)	189 208 10 13 20 31 3 66 99 112 158
I. Pale bluish purple	202 21 159 181 192 80 92 118
J. Walked unsteadily	156 12 141 170 203 56 177
K. 1905 song identified with Eva Tanguay (3 wds.)	178 193 29 43 110 44 129 91 125
L. Cape, southwest Albania	96 104 147 155 171 186
M. Boffo reviews	113 157 180 190 18
N. Native	207 69 97 135 126 166 174 36
O. Swell, classy	72 89 106 161 35
P. American theologian and metaphysician (1703-58; "Freedom of the Will")	62 164 42 173 134 185 57
Q. Ancient city of Lycia	123 176 205 47 168 39 78
R. Confabs	139 45 132 120 85 16 146
S. Hero of Lyly's "The Anatomy of Wit"	199 117 50 175 68 137 128
T. Depressed as a retriever with a dead duckling (4 wds.)	144 194 23 74 197 59 183 25 88 200 38 / 95 167 111
U. O'Neill play (2 wds. after *The*)	102 34 64 30 160 179 107 41 172 204 142 151
V. Kipling poem	4 37 49 153 149
W. Department in Brittany; cap. Rennes (comp.)	55 11 138 90 133 188 198 79 87 26 201 / 182 191
X. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.)	100 14 22 51 196 187 5 81 114 76 71 184
Y. Zola novel	130 33 206 58

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Lazy Millionaire Wants To Share The Wealth

You think you've got problems?

Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank — Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the oceanfront in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing). One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back...or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus an additional week*. That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money...working a few hours a day...about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their checks for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

'Wow, it does work!'
"Oddly enough, I purchased Lazy Man's Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it..and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either...I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."

Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

'Made $50,000 just fooling around'
"In February 1974 you sent me (for ten bucks) your Lazy Man's Way to Riches. Since then I have made approximately 50 grand ($50,000) just fooling around on the basis of your advice. You see, I really am lazy — otherwise I could have made 50 million! Thank you!"

Mr. R. McK., Atlanta, GA

'$24,000 in 45 days'
"...received $24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days. "Thanks again."

Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

Made $70,000
"A $70,000 thanks to you for writing The Lazy Man's Way to Riches. That's how much I've made...

Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

$260,000 in eleven months
"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life...One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership...I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon to my publisher now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

Some have called it a Miracle. Some have called it Magic. You'll call it "The Secret of the Ages."

As for me, I thank God that before he died Millionaire Joe Karbo left, for all to share, the secret of "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches." The above story, which is in his own words, is his gift to you.

Because of the nature of this special offering, we can guarantee delivery *only* to the readers of this publication who respond to this printed notice before midnight, March 30.

After that date, orders will be filled on a "first come, first served" basis as long as supplies last.

To order, write your name and address on the coupon and send it with your $10 today.

Remember, the only way to guarantee prompt delivery is to respond before midnight, March 30.

If you have any questions, you may call us at (714) 898-4357 during normal business hours. Make your check or money order payable to Financial Publishers.

©Joe Karbo - 1979, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, CA 90742

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours...In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for..."The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Seattle Times:
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it...

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Forbes:
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune...Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

Money Making Opportunities:
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about?...I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

The Boston Globe:
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk...in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel...It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

Long Beach Independent:
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Bank of Westminster
8251 Westminster Avenue
Westminster, CA 92683

Financial Publishers
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 337-M
Sunset Beach, California 90742

You may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material — for any reason — within that time, return my uncashed check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
SORRY — NO COD'S

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Books

Fiction

The Country, by David Plante (Atheneum, 159 pp., $9.95). Plante continues the story—begun in *The Family*—of the Francoeurs, a French Canadian working-class family from Providence, Rhode Island. In muted tones, he touchingly reveals the pains and joys of family love.

Liars in Love, by Richard Yates (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 272 pp., $14.95). In his first story collection in almost 20 years, Yates, a writer who has yet to receive the recognition he deserves, presents seven lovely, long, realistic stories. At least two are gems.

Marco Polo, If You Can, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 275 pp., $13.95). Yale golden-boy turned CIA spy, Blackford Oakes is back again in an entertaining revisionist romp in which the 1960 U-2 spy plane incident is metamorphosed into a secret U.S. triumph.

The Dean's December, by Saul Bellow (Harper & Row, 320 pp., $12.95). Any novel by Saul Bellow is worth a look, even when—as in this case—it fails. In the saga of a college dean's life crisis, Bellow attempts a stylistic departure from his earlier novels—and ends up without his usual energetic prose.

Nonfiction

Georgia O'Keeffe (Studio/Viking, 215 pp., $50; paperback, Penguin, $25). When this stunning art book was first published in 1976 it immediately sold out, and even book reviewers had to struggle to get a copy. Now it's back, with all 108 striking full-color plates annotated by the artist herself.

FDR, 1882-1945: A Centenary Remembrance, by Joseph Alsop (The Viking Press, 256 pp., $25). Alsop's extended essay is at once a personal memoir and an accounting of FDR's popularity. It is deeply affectionate without being sentimental, and admiring without being simplistic. The book includes 230 photos, many previously unpublished.

The Money Lenders, by Anthony Sampson (The Viking Press, 320 pp., $16.95). Having written previously of the international arms trade and the international oil companies, Sampson now focuses on global banking and its relationship with developing countries. It is a persuasive and enlightening book.

Scenes of Childhood, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (The Viking Press, 177 pp., $10.95). These dry, perceptive, and charming impressions of an English author's growing up are to be savored.

The Skyscraper, by Paul Goldberger (Alfred A. Knopf, 224 pp., $25). The *New York Times* architecture critic and author of *New York: The City Observed* tells the fascinating story of tall buildings from the Art Deco extravaganzas of the 1920s and 1930s to today's clinical glass boxes. Heavily illustrated.

Thomas Mann: The Making of an Artist, 1875-1911, by Richard Winston (Alfred A. Knopf, 319 pp., $17.95). This wonderfully clear-headed book takes Mann up to 1911 and the inception of *Death in Venice*. Winston's death in 1980 prevented this valuable book from becoming the first full-length biography of Mann in English.

Books: The Culture and Commerce of Publishing, by Lewis A. Coser, Charles Kadushin, and Walter W. Powell (Basic Books, 396 pp., $19). Three sociologists study the book industry in its many facets and come up with some interesting conclusions.

Theater

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed by Tommy Tune.

Crimes of the Heart (Golden Theater, New York City). Winner of the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for drama, playwright Beth Henley has a limited but authentic voice. She is a quietly tenacious pursuer of horror, a writer shaken into pitch-black comedy. The only thing that keeps her characters out of asylums is their mad humor about themselves.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat (Plymouth Theater, New York City). An exuberant and imaginative rock opera based on the biblical adventures of Joseph and his brothers. This lightweight, 90-minute production is colorful, and the performers are energetic. The show proves uniquely engaging to adults and children alike.

Mass Appeal (Booth Theater, New York City). Playwright Bill C. Davis's first Broadway production, about a veteran Roman Catholic priest and a troubled young seminarian, displays wit, insight, and a turn for dramatic rhetoric. The characters are vivid, though incompletely drawn. A promising debut.

The Dresser (Brooks Atkinson Theater, New York City). An aging Shakespearean actor-manager on his last legs is helped through a performance of *King Lear* by the encouragement of his devoted valet-dresser. The script is mostly predictable, but Tom Courtenay as the effeminate dresser and Paul Rogers as the flamboyant star offer first-rate performances.

Film

On Golden Pond. Katharine Hepburn and Henry Fonda give us perhaps their most endearing as well as finest performances in Mark Rydell's beautiful screen version of Ernest Thompson's play about an elderly couple's coming to terms with life, death, and family.

Ragtime. Milos Forman's dazzling adaptation of E.L. Doctorow's 1975 best seller about pre-World War I America is a lush, lavish tragi-comedy, brimming with lovely performances—a syncopated tribute to a turbulent time when innocence was lost and the country was on the make.

Reds. Warren Beatty's ambitious life of John Reed, the American radical journalist, stumbles in its attempt to blend a history of American radicalism, the Russian Revolution, and personal romance. But it is remarkable for its moments of brilliance, its texture, and its sincerity—as well as for many excellent performances, most especially by Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Night Crossing. This Walt Disney

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production, detailing the true story of the Strelzyk and Wetzel families who escaped from East to West Germany by hot-air balloon, is sturdy family fare, distinguished by an intelligent John McGreevey screenplay and fine performances by John Hurt and Jane Alexander as Peter and Doris Strelzyk.

She Dances Alone. This documentary chronicles the making of a movie about Kyra Nijinsky, the legendary dancer's only child. It is as eccentric and oddly engaging as its star. Its best moments stem, however, from Patrick Dupond, a stunning young dancer who serves as an evocation of Nijinsky in performance.

Records

Bach: Concertos for Harpsichords. The coincidence in time of spacious digital sound and the period-instrument revival has brought us a number of revelatory recordings of Baroque music, notably this gem. These concertos are all for three or four harpsichords and are played by Trevor Pinnock, the English Consort, and several plinking friends. (Archiv Digital 2534001*, $12.98.)

Del Tredici: Final Alice. Composer David del Tredici's wild expansion on scenes from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* is a mad, mad thing. While soprano Barbara Hendricks floats and squeals and megaphones a narration, the orchestral accompaniment free-associates, sounding like the background of a Betty Boop cartoon. Sir Georg Solti leads the Chicago Symphony. (London Digital LDR 71018, $12.98.)

Bach: Cantatas. Peter Schreier, a fine tenor, is emerging as a conductor, and two recent releases showcase his considerable talents in both roles. He sings and plays solo cantata 189 deliciously with the Festival Strings Lucerne (Eurodisc SQ 89 371, $9.98, available through Tioch Productions, 65 West 55 St., N.Y.C. 10019). In nos. 207 and 214 he makes music with Edith Mathis, Julia Hamari, Theo Adam, and the Berlin Chamber Orchestra (Archiv 2533401, $10.98). Both records sound great.

Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Carlos Kleiber conducting anything is interesting. The Vienna Philharmonic can be counted on to play beautifully. Their clear-textured Brahms blazes. (Deutsche Grammophon Digital 2532003*, $12.98.)

Bartók: Kossuth. This early tone poem, a Hungarian epic set for huge orchestra—inspired by Strauss's tone poems—makes a long awaited entry into the catalogue. It is beautifully recorded and coupled with another Bartók rarity, *Four Pieces for Orchestra*. Arpad Joó leads two Budapest orchestras. (Sefel Digital SEFD 5005, $15.95.)

*cassette available

Art

Joseph Cornell (The Art Institute of Chicago). One hundred seventy-five boxes, collages, and other works by one of the major figures of 20th-century America. The most comprehensive Cornell exhibition ever assembled, it maps with impressive thoroughness the rich, idiosyncratic world of Surrealist-tinged fantasy. (Through March 28.)

David Hockney: Designs for the Stage (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis). First known as the most ingratiating of English Pop Art's *enfants terribles*, Hockney went on to become an influential portraitist and a leading book illustrator. Still pursuing these early interests, he has turned since 1976 to stage design (see *SR*, December 1981). His work in this field—which includes sets for Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*—is surveyed here in a show that includes preparatory drawings, models, costumes, and elements from the sets. (Through March 27.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson: Photographer (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston). More than 150 photographs, selected by the artist himself, reveal the range of Cartier-Bresson's sensibility. A student of the Cubist painter André Lhote as well as an early devotee of master-photographer Eugène Atget, he brings a deeply sophisticated eye to a popular style now widely referred to as "the snapshot aesthetic." (Through April 4.)

Jack Tworkov (Guggenheim Museum, New York City). An exhibition of the last 15 years' work by a founding member of the New York School. Known as a vigorous paint slinger in the pioneer days of Abstract Expressionism, Tworkov has worked since the mid-1960s to give his energies the benefit of a more orderly structure. An impressive exhibition of early promise sustained. (Through April 3.)

Eight Hundred Years of Chinese Painting and Calligraphy (Indianapolis Museum of Art). The earliest of the works in this show are from the 12th century; the most recent, from 1936. Painted on paper, silk, and even fans, these images show an astonishingly coherent tradition—one whose expressive power can be felt even in untranslated calligraphy. (Through March 28.)

Generations in Clay: Pueblo Pottery of the American Southwest (Seattle Art Museum). One hundred forty works of Pueblo pottery provide a survey of this native American medium from prehistoric times to the present. One of the rare occasions when the archaeological interest of an exhibition is fully balanced by its aesthetic value. (Through March 14.)

Dance

Dance Theater of Harlem (Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.) A repertory engagement featuring both 19th-century classics and contemporary American ballets. (February 23 through 28.)

Pennsylvania Ballet (Shubert Theater, Philadelphia). This season features George Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*, Paul Taylor's *Cloven Kingdom*, Peter Anastos's *Domino*, *Swan Lake* (Act II), Benjamin Harkarvy's *Quartet* and *Grand Pas Espagnol*. (Through February.)

Tappin' Uptown (Brooklyn Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York). An evening starring tap greats Honi Coles and the Copasetics, Harold Nicholas of the Nicholas Brothers, and Peg Leg Bates. (February 19 through 21.)

SR's Phoenix Code

Excellent
Very Good
Good
Noteworthy

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Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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